SINETES

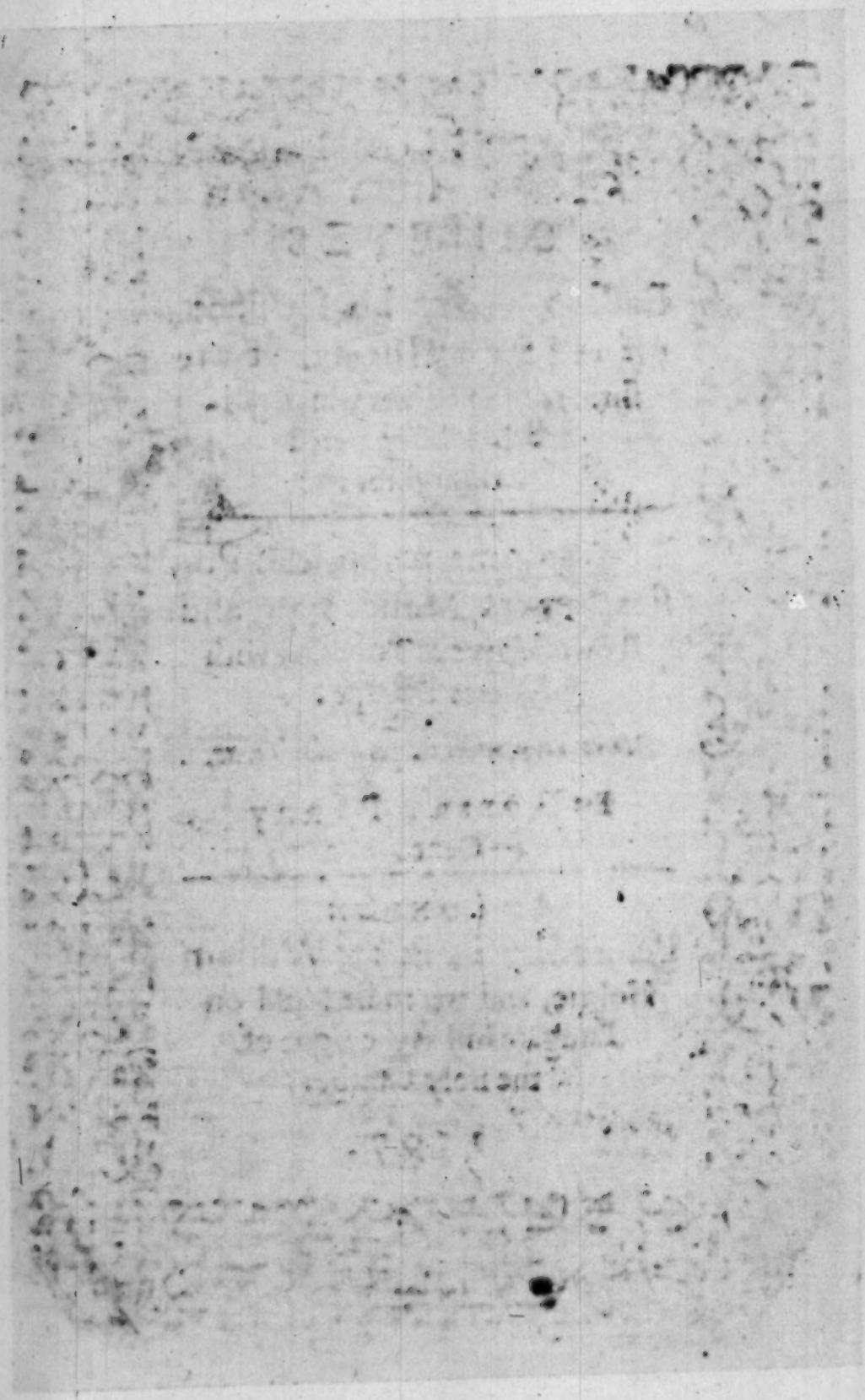
Passions vppon his fortunes, offered for an Incense at the shrine of the Ladies which guided his distempered thoughtes.

The Patrons patheticall Posies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and Rowndelayes. Together with Sinetes Dompe.

Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.

By ROBERT PARRY Gent.

AT LONDON
Printed by T. P. for William Holme, and are to be sould on Ludgate hill at the signe of the holy Lambe,
1597.



¶ To the right worshipfull Iohn Salisburie of Lleweni Esquier for the Bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

THE Hope of these, and glasse of future times,
O Heros which eu'n enuie itselfe admir's,
Vouchsafe to guarde, & patronize my rimes,
My humble rime, which nothing else desir's
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde,
To Honors throne that euer hath ben inclyn'd.
Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse.
To pause vpon the accent's of her smarte,
From the respite of this short-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte:
Which vowed hath, to manifest thy worth,
That noble fruites to future age bringes foorth.
Eu'n thou alone, which strengthn'st my repose,
And dyest geue life vnto my dead desire,

Which malice daunt'ſte, that did thy fame oppoſe,
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inſpire:
So he may write, and I may glorie finge,
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's ſtinge.
Renowned Patron, my wayling verſe,
To whoſe protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchſafe to heare, while I my woes rehearſe:
Then my poore muſe, will neuer be diſmaide,
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,
That future age may ring of thy renowne.
I that ere-while with Pan his hindes did play,
And tun'd the note, that beſt did pleaſe my minde,
Content to ſing a ſheapheards Round-delay;
Now by thy might, my Muſe the way did finde,
With Maddrigals, to ſtore my homely ſtile,
Graced with th'applauſe, of thy well graced ſmile.
Eu'n thou I ſay, whoſe trauaile hope doth yeilde,
That honours worth, may reape a due rewarde,
Which flyes with natiue plume vnto the fielde;
Whoſe paines deſerues thy cuntreys iuſt regarde:
Time cannot daſhe, nor enuie blemiſh thoſe,
Whom on fam's ſtrength, haue built their chiefe repoſe,
Tis only that, which thou mayſt clayme thine owne,
Deuouring time, cannot obſcure the ſame,
In future age by this thou mayſt be knowne,

VVhen

The Epiſtle.

When as poſterities renue thy fame:
Then thou being dead, ſhalt lyfe a newe poſſeſſe,
When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expreſſe,
Then ſhall my rime a fort of ſtrength remaine,
To ſhielde the floriſh of thy high renowne,
That ruin's force may neu'r graces ſtain,
Which with fames ſound, ſhall through the worlde bee
Yf that th'ocean which includ's our ſtile, (blowne:
Would paſſage graunt out of this noble Iſle.
For ſteling tyme of muſes lowe remaine.
Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,
Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
That glorie takes the honour to repeate:
Whoſe ſubiect though of royall accents barde,
Yet to the ſame, vouchſafe thy due rewarde,
So ſhall my ſelfe, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
To ſing, and write prayes, which it ſelfe ſhall prayſe,
Which time with cutting Sithe, ſhall neuer ſpoyle,
That often worthy Heros fame delayes:
And I encouraged by thy applauſe,
Shall teach my muſe on highes thinges to pauſe.

Vpon the Authors muſe.

IF Poets with penne doe purchaſe praiſe,
Let Parrie then poſſeſſe his parte:
Whoſe Poſies rare, report doeth raiſe,
To Pernaſſe Mount of due deſarte.
In houſe of fame he ought haue place,
Yf Ouid eu'r deſerued that grace.
His pleaſaunt vaine, his phraſes fine,
Sentencious eke, in verſe and proſe:
That they include ſome grace deuine,
His former doinges doe well diſcoſe.
With his ſweete Muſe, & louely layes,
Who may compare in theſe our dayes.
But chiefliie his SINETES nowe,
Hath moued his muſe her prize to playe.
As if therein ſhe had made a vowe,
Some peerles poeſie to diſplaye.
There Cupides knacke are liuelye ſeene,
With Venus baites, that louelye Queene.
Then Momus mumme, & Zoylus ceaſe,
And foule Mouth Theon leaue to raile:
Seeing Parries penne, the beſt doth pleaſe,
What doth your carping then auaile.
Whom valiaunt Lyon doth protect:
May well all crauing Curres reiect.

Habet ſcintilla calorem. Hu. Gry.

Vpon Sinetes Passions.

AH Loue, fond loue, false loue, deceitfu loue,
Vnkinde, vnto the kinde, to frend a foe:
A Tirant, loyall louers doe thee proue,
And faithfull hartes, thou fillest full of woe.
Ah blind loue: bliud, but not in woũding blind,
Yea blind for why? thy frends thou dost not see,
Those which resist, thou lika a childe dost flee,
But they which yeilde thrise man-like do thee finde,
Still, Still a boy, delightinge still to playe,
What play? to slaye, what kinde of play is this:
Soe plaies the hungrye hauke, with taken praye:
So playes the wilie Catte with captiue Mise.
Sinetes mournfull Muse doth this descrie,
His haples hapes my plaints doe iustifie.

The bloudie beare, which rangeth in the wood,
Doth cease to rage, when that shee hath her fill:
The hungry woolf, which oft is bath'd in bloud,
When greedie paunch is glutted leaues to kill.
But Cupide, whom men call the god of loue,
(Vniustly call: nay, doe most iustly call:
For why, he loues to kill, whom? those which loue)
He dayly kills, & is not fild at all.
What thinge is rare? to see a Tirant olde,

In prayſe of the Booke.

CVpid is old, though he a Tirant bee:
What old? nay yong, wee Cupid ſtill behould,
Though young in ſight, yet Tirant old is hee.
Old may he be, and Tirants wages haue,
Which thouſands haue vntimely ſent to graue.

Happie thou art, Sinetes though vnhappier
Vnhappy were the happes, which thee befell,
Happy yet in this, that learned Parrye,
Thy happles happes, in ſugred ſonges doth tell.
Thou ſhrouded art, vnder the Lions winge,
Whoſe noble Name, all carping curres will quaile,
Now neyther Zoil. priuily backbiting,
Nor Momus barkes againſt thee ſhall preuaile.
Sing boldely then, ſing (pleaſant Nightingale)
Sweete warbling tunes, and heauenly harmonye:
Feare not filthy byrdes, which would annoy thee,
Ioues Eagle, will thee ſhend againſt them all.
Parrye thou pend'ſt, the Muſes did indite,
They ſweetely ſong, their ſweet ſongs thou did'ſt write.

H. P. gentleman.

In prayse of the Booke.

FAire Philomele her rauiſhment hath ſong,
But Parry rauiſheth with muſefull tunes,
No ſoner hath his praiſe with floriſh ſprong,
With Daphins boſome ſtûft with ſweete perfumes,
But forth his nectar-feaſting poezie bloomes,
And eke the Delion harper doth lament,
In Paſsions poore SINETES diſcontent.

Amored ſhepheards wonder at thy wit,
And to thy piping lend their liſtning eare,
And in thy praiſe the mûſes frame a writ,
Therefore I thought my rûder lines to teare,
And ſkilleſſe riming bid my hand forbeare:
But little candles giue their glimering light,
As well as torches in the brighter ſight.

W. R. Gent.

In prayſe of the Booke.

THe rareſt giftes neede not a Trumpe to ſounde,
For fame it ſelfe will vndertake the prayſe,
The ſunne needes not a light for to be founde:
But in the height of Sphere giues light alwayes:
Flye then thou worke no ſoile ſhall thee diſgrace,
And why thy worthie patron is thy fort,
Thou needes not ſhunne t'approch into ech place,
Twy flowring bloome of wit ſhall thee report.
Thy wiſe and deepe conceytes neede not be grac'd,
For dayntie choiſe here found ech fancies pleaſe,
Thy mindes repoſe may neuer be defac'd,
Each fancie then thy fancies fame will raiſe.
O that my tong could duely raiſe thy fame,
Yet after age at large ſhall doe the ſame.

H. P. Gent.

In prayſe of the Booke.

O Floue of ioy of ſolace ſweete and pleaſant vaine,
That wonted was thy ſugred muſe to write and ſing,
Both Sonetts Maddrigals with dainty ditties playne,
What ſudden chaunce hath moued to chang thy ſtile what thing.
Yf Prince prelate peere and Parry diſcontent, (thing.
Complaynes a like gainſt froward fortunes bad intent.
Compier, full many ſhalt thou finde with there eſtate;
Both diſcontented beare and blame their direfull fate.
When all thinges alter kinde that ſubiect be to change,
Then loue the ioy ſhal likewiſe turne to ſorrow ſtrange.

T. S. Eſq.

In prayſe of the Booke:

SWeet is the paine which vertuous trauell brings,
High is the place which wiſedome doth commend,
Sower is the eaſe of vices root that ſprings:
Loue is the ſeate which idlenes doth lend.
None getteth wealth that puts not from the ſhore,
Paine breedeth honor, vertue winneth fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before,
Though oft the vent, anſweare not the ſame.
Vertuous attempts are voide of all ſhame,
The baſe whome meanes obſcurely doth keepe,
Liues voyd of honor, dies without name,
And in eternall darknes euer he doth ſleepe.
Therefore SINETES ti's then no blot,
With mournefull Paſſions to lament thy lot.

R. S. Eſq.

In prayſe of the Booke.

THou O too cruell guide of louers traine;
Proude in thy tyrannie on yeilded harts,
When ſhall thy thralls forget to mourne and plaine?
When wilt thou ceaſe to hurle hatefull darts?
Shall all the earth ring through her ſpatious parts,
From out the mouth of euery fordon ſwayne,
That thou in ſteed of loue, breedſt helliſh paine,
Thou dire Vſurper of cæleſtiall arts.

Shall heauenlie Poſie be prophaned ſtill,
In woes deſcription to thy peeuiſh will,
Wilt thou in ſteed of loue, true louers kill,
Far be it from a God to doe thus ill.
No PARRY no, he doth but ſhew thee ſorrow,
That from woes darknes, ioy more light may borrow.

W. M. Eſq.



Fine ripe cõceyts forſake the wearied miude,
And fancies faile, whē ſorowes ſurges ſwaye
My pen bath'd in the waues of griefs vnkind
Muſt write of moane, of ruine & decaye:
A tragicke note doth fit a tragick chaunce,
A heauie heart with ſorrowes pipe muſt daunce.

Like PELICAN I wander all alone,
The dezart woodes and wildernes ſo wilde,
To ſenſeleſſe groues, I crye and make my moane,
Eu'n from my thoughts all hope is quite exil'd,
Left thus to mourne the ſkriching owle keepes time,
With dolefull notes that to the heauens doe clime.

Notes that bewaile the griefes of carefull heart,
That charge my minde with heapes of deepe annoy,
Which vnto none I vowed to impart,
But vnto you my drenching dolors ioy:
Keepe ladies keepe the cloſet of my griefe,
Yeilde Ladies yeilde, for ſorrowe ſome reliefe.

No darke deſpaire may drowne my drowſie hope,
If you giue life vnto my dead deſire,
Nor ought may daunt my minde, yf you giue ſcope,
To pitties floodes to quench the kindled fire:
Fortune is blinde and will not ſee my paine,
Time hath a ſalue to cure the ſame againe.

PASSION.

Rype griefe hath graft in ſlumbring harts diſpa
What ſtill increaſe the motions of my care,
Thinke I of ſalues my ſorrowes to impaire:
Then fearefull fitt· the torments racke prepare;
For hi·n that would preſume to thinke of good,
When darke deſpaire drown'd hope in ſorrowes floc

Seas, floods, and waues, of fortunes weakefull ſcou
Ceaſe not to roare, to ſwell, to toſſe with winde,
Of bale-full hap, (which increaſe the ſurge,
Of ſharpe diſgrace) where perrils foord I finde:
For to augment the terror of my paine,
Where hope of naught but carking care remaine,

The ſtocke is dead, whereon the ympe was graft,
Which beare the fruite, that wonted ſores did cure,
The graft muſt die, ſo muſt the fruit be laſt
Naked to pine, and nipping frioſtes endure:
The braunch conſumes when periſh'd ſtock doth faile,
When ſappe is gone how can the growth preuaile.

My ſappe is gone which noriſhment did yeilde,
My wythered fruite doth fall before his time,
I am the graffe which want my wonted ſheilde
For ſtocke decayed I haue no roote to clime:
Lende ladies nowe your dolefull notes ech c
Pittie at leaſt though not aſſwage my mo·

ARCADY's Nimphs in mournfull sables dresst
With plyant pipes sound dolefull musick note,
Bewayle your sheapheards fate, that thus oppresst,
Newe increase of sorrowes set a floate:
Her course doth scarce abide the turch of time,
Yet wearied heart endur'd the bale-full chime.

The sound of chime doth sound in lothed eares,
Ear could endure such cruell sound to heare,
Which doth encrease a heape of dreadfull feares,
Where to my soule darke horror doth appeare:
Long passed cares renewe againe their course,
Fates fatall chaunce doth change from bad to worse.

A happie man had I neu'r happie byn,
For fortunes smile did cause my greatest fall,
To purchase ease by newe encrease of sinne;
Were for to make my soule, my bodies thrall:
Hap then what may, let fortune frowne or smile;
Cares cruell scourge shall not my minde defile.

Her shrines I fill with volumes of my griefe,
Vnde I craue to quench the burning fier,
Be brought to CACAS some reliefe;
Efforts may reuiue my dead desier:
Vain hope by fortunes passed change,
Dreames the dezarts wilde to range.

PASSION. IIII.

NIghts reſt is bard with weried thoughts controle,
The pillow moanes bath'd in my dréching teares,
The ſheetes beare guilt of my diſtreſſed ſoule,
Wherein is wrapt a multitude of feares,
When ſtealing nappe doth cloſe my drowſie eies,
Then ſtarting, feare ſayth it is time to riſe.

Yf ſleepe at all poſſeſſe my vytall parts,
Then dreadfull dreames with gaſtly ſights appeare,
Which do preſent the cauſe that wrought my ſmarts:
And doe a freſh renewe forgotten feare;
I ſleepe in paine, I watch in wretched griefe,
Lyef's in diſpaire ſith hope forbids reliefe.

When curſed thoughts there carefull couch forſake,
Confuſed heaps of new encreaſing ſores.
Like wildfier toſt in PHLEGETONS firie lake,
Or ſhip that ſtirrs gainſt raging ſtreame with ores;
So doth my heart with ſorowing ſobs neere ſpent,
Striue with the courſe that cares command hath ſent.

My moane I make where pities bowre is built,
Your gentle breſts is mercies chaire of ſtate,
A Butt of bane which neu'r for lacke is tilt:
Yeildes freſh ſupplies vnto my frowning fate,
Then fortune then cleere once this ſmothing aire,
With ſalues of hope, after this long diſpaire,

PASSION. V.

SOund TRITON forth thy heauy dolefull knill,
That rings a peale of en'r enduring woe,
No vacant place but balefull ECCHOS fill:
My heart is made a harbour for the foe:
That yeildeth foode vnto my cursed cares,
And poyson strong with hony ioyn'd prepares.

Heau'ns shew your power, earth tremb'e at my crye,
And stony rockes be molyfied with moane,
The rurall Gods with mournfull melodie,
Lament my chaunce, bewaile choice ech one,
Your sheapheard swaine in sables clad with care,
Doth for the dead some mourning weeds prepare.

The liuing doth presage his dying dole,
His life is death while others reape his toyle,
Who hath not power himselfe for to controle,
Is sure the fruite of some aacursed soyle,
His tong too long, his wisedome is too short,
Who rues in deede the thing he spake iu sport.

But Ladies yet condemne not his desire,
Though passed deeds his present griefe procure,
And lare misfhapps yeild fuell to his fier,
That scant he can the scorching heate endure,
Whose ayde he craues to mollyfie his paine,
With pleasat sport of some conceyted vaine.

PASSION. VI.

IN tract of time is perſ'd the hardeſt fliut,
Not by the force but by the droppinges fall,
My griefes from raging rigor neuer ſtint:
And can I then endure ſuch curſed thrall?
Yt were a hell to thinke of ſuch a paine,
Which naught but cares doth wreſt from gored vaine.

Vaine is my vaine, yet voyde of vaine delight,
Curſt is the chaunce that chayngeth to extreame,
Vnhappie man, ſubiect to Fortunes might,
Can nought but griefe my fatall griefe redeeme,
Then welcom griefe though death more welcom weare,
Whoſe force at once might end tormenting feare.

Feare, which doth frett the wearie craſed heart,
More then the paine, that torment can procure,
The heau'ns I call for to record my ſmart.
That thus long did ſuch agonies endure;
Leaue to inuaye, loue to be iuſt yee ſkies,
And martyre thoſe that doe your power deſpiſe.

Skies fild with flame, of fierie fretting ire,
That kindled wrath vnto my penſiue ſoule,
In LVCANS forge which frameth deepe deſire,
To ſell my life for Fortunes bleſſed dole;
Your dole, I crane ſweete Ladies to aſſwage,
The diſmale doome of IANVS daughters rage.

PASSION. VII.

SCarce warme I burne, yet freeze in fierie flame,
Diſpleaſed ſtill, I reſt content withall,
Yet male-content againe, eu'n with the ſame;
What freedom wrought, eſt-ſoones hath made me thrall,
Thus contrarie theſe coutraries I taſte,
Thus borne to beare I liue my life to waſte.

Life is a death, when dolors taſte doth ſway.
And death a life to ſuch as croſſes beare,
My thred is ſpoon to be the VVLTVRS pray,
That Tiger-like, my cruell death doth ſweare;
Thoughts, force my lingring life, to weare and pine,
Conceyt will kill the ſtouteſt heart in fine.

Diſtreſſed thus, my light-ſome hope is paſt,
And darknes doth with horror now appeare,
Maiſter the ſhippe that hath a broken Maſt:
Through darkeſt clouds Sonns goulden beams are cleere.
So let the beams and beautie of your grace,
Shine through the miſt that doth my ioy deface.

Hide not the glaſſe with any wooden caſe,
Let vertues mindes ſome vertues woikes bring foorth,
Doe not ſweete Nimphs your noble mindes imbaſe,
With any act that ſhall not be of worth,
But let your ſonne ſhine to your ſheapheards eaſe,
The praiſe is yours, if you his griefe appeaſe.

PASSION. VIII.

VVay-faring thus in wildernes of care,
My woefull minde, with thornes of diſcontent,
Doth yeild new thoughts, which torments newe
Then I begyn againe for to lament: (prepare,
Where firſt began the Period of my fall,
There firſt I pauſe; and rue the ſumme of all.

Thus doe I mourne, thus doe I moane my daies,
And itt'terate ſtill my heapes of deepe annoy,
Thus doe I liue, and liuing loue to prayſe:
The thing which doth my comforts hope deſtroy,
How can I liue and lead this wearie life?
When life encreaſe, and death might end the ſtrife.

O bleſſed death, would death but heare my crie,
And ſuccour lend, to ſuch as ſuccour want,
O happie man yf lingering miſerie:
Hid once an end my dolors to ſupplante,
Yet would I feare leaſt death would me forſake,
And lothed life my carcas dead awake.

Whom heau'ns doe ſpite & earthes diſdaine diſpiſe,
He whylome liu'd in pleaſures pleaſant bower,
With patience the low againe may riſe,
The fretting horſe is ſpent within an houre:
For all extreames doe worke extreame effectes,
And contrarie yeilde contrarie aſpectes.

PASSION. IX.

YF wayling may appeaſe the wrathfull Gods,
And pittie moue the tyranized heart,
My ſcourged minde with firie burning rods,
Maye paye the tribute of my reſtles ſmart,
With ſacrifice of ſalt and briniſh teares,
Which yeilde newe life to late departed feares.

No floode ſo heigh but hath as lo w an ebb,
No ſtorme ſo great but hath a caulme enſuies,
No man ſo mad to weaue his ſorrowes webb,
And being condemnd his pardon will refuſe:
Floods, ſtormes, and webbs, of griefe, of care, of paine,
May fall, may ceaſe, may be vndone againe.

Floods, ſtormes, nor webs, of my new budding woe,
Will fall, or ceaſe, or be vndone at all,
The more I ſtriue, the ſtronger is the bowe,
Which will not bend but to my greater fall:
And ſtill doth ſhoote the arrowes of diſdaine,
My hope being dead to woun d, to kill againe.

Dead hope except my froward fortnne ch ange,
Which bends her browe, and yeildes no hope to me,
But that I muſt in wildeſt dezartes rainge,
With ſauage rude and Tigers to agree;
No force, for there the Driads I ſhall finde
With muſickes note for to refreſh my minde.

PASSION. X.

LEaue ſoule to mourne for that which hath no cure,
Yt is in vaine to ſtriue againſt the winde,
Set vp thy reſt that nothing can endure,
In ſuch extreames, except it be aſſignd,
By th'imperiall powers that guide the ſtarrs,
To trie thee here that ſende ſuch deadly warrs.

Theſe miſeries vn-thought approch'd the place,
Where firſt I ken'd the perrill which enſu'd,
But all to late: for then did hope deface,
My paſſed ioyes which heauenly I view,d:
Looking aſtance on that which came behinde,
My heart pen'd vp in ſorrowes fould I finde.

You Ladies then the Nurſes of my hope,
Which may aſſwage the ſwelling of my minde,
Affoorde vnto my captiue ſoule ſome ſcope;
Whome to your wills is willingly inclin'd,
With firme repoſe of vncontrouled thought,
Whoe, but your dome, accounteth all for nought.

By PHEBVS beames, is cheriſhed ech wight,
By PHEBVS beames, the dead obtaineth life,
When ATROPE cutts (which is our ioyes delight)
The twiſted twine with ſtroke of fatall kniffe:
Can you not then helpe dead to life againe,
And comfort yeild that PHEBVS beames retaine.

PASSION. XI.

O lampe that guides the circle of the globe,
Yf pitties fruite doth neſtle in thy breſt,
Scorne not in pride, the humble to diſroabe,
With nakednes from his enioyed reſt;
That willing yeildes vnto thy ſacred doome,
Thoughe web of care be knit in ſorrowes loome.

You ſcoffing Ecchos that repeat my crie,
And anſwere make when to the woods I moane,
Yf anie ſay I faine, you may replie,
And witnes that vnder this curſe I groane,
Who better knowes, if that the prieſt did ken,
All that he ought? then clark that ſaid Amen.

You are the Sextons of my hapleſſe plaints,
That ſay amen vnto my dolefull ſonges,
And you doe knowe, my Ladies are the ſaints
(With ſweete conceyts) that may redreſſe my wrongs,
Applaude their praiſe, record my deepe deſpaire,
With ſhrill, ſhort ſound, of new abrupted ayer,

Nay prating ſound ceaſe for to brag my paine,
Thou haſt no ſkill to itterat my ſmart,
Let ſuch repeate that hath a copious vaine,
Th'xtreameſt panges and langor of my heart;
My Ladies may expreſſe my inward griefe,
Whoſe changed note may ſound me ſome reliefe.

PASSION. XII.

VVaſte is the ſoile where naught but thiſtles grow,
And barrē ground will nothing yeild but weeds,
Vnhappie is ſuch that ſoweth not to mowe,
When hope is loſt in care, then comfort bleeds;
Waſte ſoyle, voyde hope, thiſtles and weedes encreaſe,
In my mindes waſte, that waſte for want of peace.

Peace with my ſoule (although my bodie warrs)
Would qualifie the rigor of my paine,
But that I want and muſt endure the ſcarrs,
To ranckle, which doe now begin againe,
When vlcers bleed, then daungers doe enſue,
And carefull thoughts my bleeding ſores renew.

Renewed thus I count the clocke of care,
No minute paſt without the taſt of ſmart,
Not as the diall, which doth oft declare:
The time to paſſe, yet not perceau'd to ſtart;
Poets faine, time ſwiftly to flie away,
Yet time is ſlow, when ſorrowe ſurges ſway.

As rotten ragges being dipt, the water drawes,
By ſoaking fits out of the veſſell cleane,
Eu'n ſo from me doth ſorrowes droth (which thawes,
Mycongeal'd heart, with cruell curſed ſpeene)
Soake out the ioyce and moyſture of my braine,
For dropping eies can not from teares refraine.

GVyded by fitts, with malencholy looke,
I laie me downe vpon the winding banke,
To heare the muſicke of the running brooke,
And ſmell the graſſe that was both freſh and ranke:
There I complaine, there lament my ſtate,
That thus am croſt with fortunes deadly hate.

Then to the brooke, I thus begyn to moane,
Thou warbling ſtreame that doeſt refreſh my care,
To my diſtilled griefe, and doeſt alone,
Giue place, and paſſage free prepare:
The ſame to bring vnto the boundles Seas,
Which there attend Sir NEPTVNS minde to pleaſe.

Thou ſearchiug ſcowrer of the groſſeſt mould,
And element moſt ſubtile, freſh, and pure,
That windeſt about dame TERRA thowſand fould,
Behould the martirdome which I endure:
That paſſeth through the Limbecke of my heart,
And fetts my minde, with force of gauled ſmart.

Say to thy ſelfe in ſtill and ſilent ſorte,
Doth fortune thus SINETES true confound?
Ah Goddeſſe blind that loues ſuch cruell ſport,
To thy diſhonour this will ſure redownde,
Leaue of, knit thy bended browes on him,
That daylie doth in ſeas of ſorrowes ſwimme.

PASSION. XIIII.

HArpies, and hagges, torment my fearefull goſt,
No part is freed, from horror, and deſpaire,
My careas thus in CARONS boate is toſt,
MEDVSA doth with curſed ſnakie hayre,
Tranſ-natue quite, the vertue of my minde,
Vnto a ſtone, that is deaffe, dumme, and blinde.

Might but my ſoule enioye the fruite of reſt,
And purge the ſting, that wrought my bitter bane,
That hope mihht once my deſp'rat minde inueſt,
And ſtrenngth encreaſe, to banniſh thoughts profane:
Then would I ioy to ſee ſuch happie dıy,
That once I might be freed from decay.

Sure I beleeue, thongh ioy could banniſh care,
And that I might poſſeſſe a quiet minde,
And ſhould winde out my ſelfe from ſorrowes ſnare,
To cleanſe my thoughts from fruites of errors blinde:
Yet would remembraunce of my paſſed paine,
Where griefe I left, force to begyn againe.

Then were my caſe far worſer then before,
For vlcers cut yeilde coroſiues extreame,
Salues hardly can, the former health reſtore,
And naught but death can tortur'd mindes redeeme:
Then muſt I reſt contented with my lot,
Sith ſorrowes now can not diſſolue the knot.

BEnighted thus with clouds of new-ſprong charge,
My ſwelling heart(puff'd vp by force of heate,
Suppreſt) did burne, till teares did fier enlarge;
Then water quench'd the flame, and froſt the ſweate;
A dolefull choiſe of two euills one to name,
To frie in froſt or freeſe in firie flame.

The time was come, that all my ioyes ſhould end,
Then ſtraying to me was this vn-wonted care,
And ſo much more my ſcalding ſighes I ſpend:
For as I could I did my minde prepare;
For to endure theſe floods of deepe annoy,
That drown'd my hope, and rob'd me of my ioy.

O time accurſ'd that eu'r I knewe that day,
Which hath diſ-roabde my minde of ſweete content,
For then were hatch'd the birdes of my decay:
When vn-awares my liſtning eare I lent,
To SIRENS ſong, and CIRCES curſed charmes,
That train'd my minde, to worke his maiſters harmes.

No muſick then could better pleaſe mine eare,
Nor obiect ſeeme more precious to mine eye,
Then that which did my cruell torments reare,
Where but content I nothing could eſpie,
Yet faireſt flowers haue filthie Adders neſt,
And I haue found in pleaſures vaine vnreſt.

YFilding conſent hauing vnlocked the gate,
The garde which kept my minde in reaſons folde,
Then fond deſire wrought in my Minde debate,
How of my friends I might liue vn-controulde:
To follie then the reſtrained raines I lent,
Of libertie, which now I doe repent.

What toyes ſo vaine which then I did not taſte,
What acte ſo badde I would not ſeeme to proue,
I thought that time could neuer my ioyes waſte:
Nor checke the pride of mine vntamed loue,
Till on a heape my ioyes and follies toule,
The Bell of care, my ſouing ioyes controule.

Then gan I ſighe, euen with a ſad lament,
And pauſe vppon the remnent of my life,
Then that ſeemed greate which leſt did diſcontent:
When as repentance ſharpened ſorrowes Knife,
To execute the Iudgement of the lawe,
On him, thereof that neuer ſtoode in awe.

When frendes forſooke, and enemies did prie,
To worke reuenge for ſome vn-modeſt parte,
Then gan my ſoule. with ſorrowes to diſcrie:
The guilte of ſinne, that lodged in my hearte,
Whoſe memory did racke my ſenſes ſoe,
That ſtrech't they were beyond the bonds of woe.

PASSION. XVII.

ENgendred griefe from ſeede of pleaſures vaine,
Inforcing ſtill the agents of my ſmart,
From ſinnes aſpect, my minde could not refraine,
For fretting luſt did cynge my broyled heart,
Till loth to yeilde, yet could not choiſe but yeild,
When as remorce perforce did win the field.

Then of two harmes making a choiſe of one,
To ſalue my ſoule, I paunde my life a thrall,
And gaue conſent to that which makes me moane,
Whereof proceedes the fruite of bitter gall,
Which pen'd my minde that ſoared in the ſkies,
In baſeſt ſould, where in diſpaire it lies.

An abiect throwne before the face of wrath,
That dare not view what I of late enioyed,
Of new-cut graſſe naught but a rotten ſwath,
After the raine the vertue hath deſtroyed,
My drooping thoughts forſake their wonted ſeate,
And back decline their ſorrowes to repeate.

Thus feeling ſmart opens the new ſear'd vaine,
That bled ſo faſt till lifes blood neere is ſpent,
And now incloſ'd in Labornth of paine,
I ſtill expect the MIMOTAVRE to rent,
The bondes which doe reſtraine my libertie,
Cloſ'd in the caue of woefull miſerie.

PASSION. XVIII.

LOng loathed lookes, of my forepaſſed life,
Are glutted with the ſenſe of fond deſire,
And diſcontent did agrauate my ſtrife,
When hope did ſtaie, my ſtamring ſteps t'aſpire:
Being tyed by fayth my fatall fortunes woe,
To this baſe chaunce; I muſt embrace my foe.

Lo he which ſometimes thought great ſcorne to ſee,
Stamp made of pureſt mould to frowne on him,
And thought the Queene of loue might well agree,
To taſte his skill that in conceyte did ſwimme,
And deem'd a toy, for to deſerue a ſmile,
Of coyeſt ſhe that eu'r did man beguile.

Whoſe ouer-weening wits and eake aſpiring thought,
Like fineſt lawne which wanteth not his bracke,
By fortun's ſpite was ſodenly ou'r-raught,
And ſwelling ſayle endur'd the greater wracke:
The greatar oake the lowder is his fall,
The higher minde th'uneaſier is the thrall:

The fillie flie in ſpyders web inthrauld,
The more he ſtriues the more entangled lies,
Euen ſo my minde that with conceyte is gauld,
No way to ſcape the Laborinth he ſpies,
The more he ſeekes his follies to avoyde,
The more he loues the fruite himſelfe annoyde;

YF fortunes crosse be bitter to endure,
That frets the minde which tasteth her despite,
The same being past, when changes new procure,
Some offer which might wearied mind delight,
But that fore-chance, his latter fate preuent,
Then will he rue the fruite of fond intent.

The freeman thinkes it small for to be bound,
Not knowing then the daunger which ensues,
But freedome lost dispaire doth straight confound,
Confused thoughts, which bring vntimely newes,
For bondage come, and libertie being lost,
What is the the thing whereof we then can boast.

Who would not seeme for to condemne his eye,
That first did lust, and heart that gaue consent,
When fruite thereof proues seede of miserie,
But more when as some kindly glaunces lent,
Yeilde constant hope if that his minde were free,
Some better happe in time obtain'd might bee.

You iudges of my heauie dolefull song,
To whose graue doomes my selfe I doe submit,
Yf worth, may not obtaine his worth; tis wrong,
Such is the fate of those which dayly flit:
Such was my chaunce to make my primer choise,
That to be free I onely might reioyce.

PASSION. XX.

ZEale is but cold, where loue-leſſe law reſtraines,
The ſoaring Hawke, to ceaſe vpon his pray,
Which from the fruite of his intent refraines,
Expecting once for to behould the day:
Which being expir'd may yeilde ſome hope of reſt,
Yf future happs may be foretould ieſt.

So SIBILL ſayd, SINETES doubted thoe,
She did affyrme, he ſtill did feare the worſe,
She propheſied a freedome of his woe,
And he did doubt that fate would alter courſe:
For though on him that Fortune falſe did ſmile,
Yet ſure he thought it was but to beguile.

MEDEA did make AESON young againe,
She thought to gaine a daughters name therefore,
But ſhe that doth a daughters name obtaine,
With art can not her fathers weale reſtore:
For bound he is, and freedome cannot ſway,
Excepte that he whoe gaue doe take away.

Sweete ladies then what helpe is to be had,
That time decreede may once be expir'd,
But that meane time you doe with comforts glad,
And dayne a ſmile where no more is deſir'd,
Yeilde poore SINETES hope though in his graue,
That in your mindes his worthes you will ingraue.

PASSION. XXI.

AGreeu'd in graue of myndes diſpayring croſſe,
Not in the graue which cancelleth annoy,
Yf fate will not againe reſtore his loſſe,
The fatall graue, he craueth to enioy:
For fortune doth but ſpite, to ſmile againe,
When former frownes, did cut the attire vaine.

Suppoſe you came vnto a garden fine,
And might there chooſe one of the faireſt flowers,
So choiſe being made as fancie did incline,
Yet walking there to' view the fruitfull bowers,
Amongſt thoſe groues, a thowſand flowers you finde,
Then former choiſe better to pleaſe your minde.

Where ſight is free, but handling, is deni'd,
And if you touch, you may not taſte the fruit,
Thoughneu'r ſo faine, leaſt Garden-keeper ſpi'd,
And would ympeach your crime with blazing bruite,
How much agreeu'd would you be then in heart,
Thar better choiſe befell not to your part.

Would you not curſe the raſhnes of your braine,
That moued ſpeach which could not be vnſaide,
And Fortune band which laide this ſubtill traine,
When you did finde how much you were betraide:
No doubt you wou'd thinke this a heauie croſſe,
Exept you myght in choſing, change your choiſe.

PASSION. XXII.

BEtrayed thus with luſt of luring ſight,
The flower is cropt which now I may not change,
The garden's free to view what might delight.
But paſſed choice reſtraines my minde to range:
So that beholding ſtill what I deſire:
It fuell yeilds vnto the kindled fier.

The memorie of what I might obtaine:
If I were free, extenuates my ioy,
This is the roote of mine endured paine,
Though this be great, yet not my chiefe annoy,
With dayly ſhowers, new weedes ſpring, and increaſe:
Which fruite out-growes, and future hope decreaſe.

Enuying fortune thriſe be thou accurſt,
Who not content to make me what I am,
Amongſt the meane to be accounted worſt,
That from one bad, vnto a worſer came,
And heaped coales a new vpon my head,
To bring me home vnto my loathed bed.

Bed of diſgrace, when ſtealing time gaue light,
Diſcouering the meſſages of fame,
Which witnes bare how deere I bought delight,
That for good will enioyed nought but blame:
And payde therefore eu'n at the deereſt rate,
For had I wiſt doth alwaies come to late.

PASSION. XXI.

AGreeu'd in graue, of mindes diſpayting croſſe,
Not in the graue which cancelleth annoy,
Yf fate will not againe reſtore his loſſe,
The fatall graue, he craueth to enioy:
For fortune doth but ſpite, to ſmile againe,
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And might there chooſe one of the faireſt flowers,
So choiſe being made as fancie did incline,
Yet walking there to' view the fruitfull bowers,
Amongſt thoſe groues, a thowland flowers you finde,
Then former choiſe better to pleaſe your minde.

Where ſight is free, but handling is deni'd,
And if you touch, you may not taſte the fruit,
Thoughneu'r ſo faine, leaſt Garden-keeper ſpi'd,
And would ympeach your crime with blazing bruite,
How much agreeu'd would you be then in heart,
Thar better choiſe befell not to your part.

Would you not curſe the raſhnes of your braine,
That moued ſpeach which could not be vnſaide,
And Fortune band which laide this ſubtill traine,
When you did finde how much you were betraide:
No doubt you wou'd hinke this a heauie croſſe,
Exept you myght in choſing, change your choſe.

PASSION. XXII.

BEtrayed thus with luſt of luring ſight,
The flower is cropt which now I may not change,
The garden's free to view what might delight.
But paſſed choice reſtraines my minde to range:
So that beholding ſtill what I deſire:
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Who not content to make me what I am,
Amongſt the meane to be accounted worſt,
That from one bad, vnto a worſer came,
And heaped coales a new vpon my head,
To bring me home vnto my loathed bed.

Bed of diſgrace, when ſtealing time gaue light,
Diſcouering the meſſages of fame,
Which witnes bare how deere I bought delight,
That for good will enioyed nought but blame:
And payde therefore eu'n at the decreſt rate,
For had I wiſt doth alwaies come to late.

PASSION. XXIII.

Eclipſed with the blemiſh of diſgrace,
Comes ATROPOS the meſſenger of night,
And ſayth I muſt, newe ſorrowes now embrace,
Who hath in charge to cancell my delight:
A cruell doome thus to ou'rcharge my minde
Where hope diſpaires true comforts fruit to finde.

Yf former cauſe did formall griefe applie,
And formall griefe in time encreaſed more,
This treb'le cauſe of woefull miſerie,
Will make me yeilde to cruell fortunes lore:
That doth deuiſe newe tortures to encreaſe,
My martyrdome, the wrath-full Gods to pleaſe.

Might carcas craſ'd with battring engyns noyde,
Content (the ſtrength being ſcaled and defac'd,)
The cruell executioner deuoyd,
Of pitties fruite, which Iuſtice neu'r embrac'd:
Then Fortune would be wearied to torment,
My wracked minde, thus cloth'd with ſad lament.

But ſith I muſt endure theſe paines extreame,
Now let me ſigh and breath this fatall doome,
For death I craue this thraldome to redeame.
If death would heare the crie of ſuch a groome:
If not, you Gods heare now my mournfull verſe,
Wherein my cares with teares I doe rehearſe.

PASSION. XXIIII.

TRembling with feare my thread-bare comfort left,
To feede vppon the obiect of my ſmart,
And to repeat the cauſe which thus bereft,
The hope, the ioy, and comfort of my hart:
Sing then with me ſuch as will mourne and moane,
Eiſe I muſt ſing with mourning teares alone.

For Fortunes clouded-brow doth threatnings ſend,
And ſcorning bandes a ſmile from ſtormie face,
Diſdayning comforts of my cares to lend,
Intending ſtill to keepe me in diſgrace:
As ſeruile drudge to her commaunding will,
In cruell ſpights that hath a tried ſkill.

O ſacred muſe with melodie deplore,
And decke the hearſe with mournfull ornaments,
Which doth to me renewed griefe reſtore,
And fil'd my face with ſorrowes ſad laments:
Whoſe life was deere, whoſe death muſt be my dole,
Which wringes my thoughtes, and racks my vexed ſoule.

You louely ſweetes to whom I doe appeale,
Attire your ſelues in Sables with the reſt,
For to aſſiſt with mone my burning zeale,
The ſmoke whereof hath neere my minde ſuppreſt:
In cloudie ſtormes it yeildeth much reliefe,
To haue a friende for to impart our griefe:

PASSION. XXV.

HECTOR in time did ſcoure the greekiſh hoaſt,
And made them flee like Bees vnto the hiue,
Yet in the end his valiant minde did coſt,
The price of life, when raſhly he did ſtr ue.
Againſt ſuch power, that rather time would veilde;
Then force ſhould want to vanquiſh him in fielde.

Braue HERCVLES whome CERBRVS might not tame,
Could not withſtand the dart of deſtinie,
And raſh attempts to gaine a worthy name,
Bringes loftie mindes to woefull miſerie;
Ou'r-weening thought of a ſelf-willed minde,
Hath made me looſe, what more I cannot finde.

Braue man, braue minde, and fitte to feare the foe,
But wordes or deedes, with fate can not preuaile,
Pittie it were, life ſhould be priſed ſo,
For paſſed deedes, wordes cannot nowe auaile:
So it befell, ſo deſtinie aſsign'd,
They went before, and we muſt come behinde.

Againe I call where ayde I hope to haue,
To you I call that may my call commaunde,
Come tune your trebled notes of care I craue,
And ſooth the humor of a fonde demaunde:
Yf you doe ſalue with comfort mine annoy,
The prayſe is yours, though I the eaſe enioy.

PASSION. XXVI.

VVEaried with cloudes of tempeſt-beaten ſenſe,
Whole armies of reproches fill my ſayle,
Marching with life, that hath but weake defence,
But in diſpaire I looke not to preuaile:
For vnto me befell a worſer ſpite,
Then any thing that yet my pen could write.

Far worſe it is then what is worſt of all,
Mine eye bewrayes the care I take therefore,
Th'annotomie of my accurſed thrall,
The more I ſtriue the paine encreaſeth more,
For that doth make the new heal'd ſcar to bleede,
And woundes againe; ô would it kild with ſpeede.

Twiſe launced ſore the thirde time now is ſearch'd,
The firſt was paine, which ſcant I could endure,
The ſecond hath my craſed carcas pearch'd,
The third and laſt did lateſt harme procure.
And by as much the ſecond paſt the firſt,
Eu'n by ſo much, or more, the laſt is worſt:

Three harmes in one, conſpired to betray,
The guiltles thought, ſcant wayned from diſpaire,
Scarce firſt had end, before the next did ſway,
Third came too ſoone his ioyes to ympaire:
But laſt it was that moſt did vexe my minde,
Though former twayne did not come much behinde.

PASSION. XXVII.

O Pale death inexorable monſter,
That ſeiſ'd vpon the remnant of my hope,
Who can thy ſpites with graueſt wiſedome conſter?
That to thy ſelfe doeſt only giue a ſcope,
To chooſe the ſame that worſt might be ſpared,
And doeſt refuſe thoſe that are prepared.

With cutting ſythe why haſt thou rack'd together,
The future hope of my declyning ſtate,
And left me cut behind alone to wither,
For to bewaile the rigor of their fate?
O gentle death now let me beg and craue,
To follow them that now be cloſ'd in graue.

Elſe if I liue, let him that ruleth all,
Ioue ſole commaunder both of thee, and thine,
Giue thee in charge, remembrance for to fall,
That racketh ſtill this wracked heart of mine:
Then may I hope ſome reſt for to enioy,
Though loaden now with burthens of annoy.

Faire choyſeſt dames that patronize my ioy,
Now ioyne with me, in prayer to IVPITER,
That I may die, if dying may deſtroy,
The liuing griefe which leades me thus to erre:
Or if I liue, let life be cloathed ſoe,
That new attire may baniſh former woe.

PASSION. XXVIII.

LItigious thoughts will graunt no quiet rest,
For care is close intombed in my minde,
And memorie of passed woes molest,
Such as in vaine expect some ease to finde:
When ripping of the cares long past and gone,
Will make a fresh the stoutest heart to grone.

Ymprouident prosperitie is caught,
Within the net of new confused shame;
For still the vn-respective mindes are fraught
With heape of toyes, that bring vntimely blame;
My follies first did leade me to this case,
When I began to treade the louers maze.

Vn-warie peace on fat-fed pleasures stall,
Whose wanton thought, made weake with lust & ease
Did guide my steps to this vntimely thrall,
And destinie my sorrowes did encrease:
Being tangled thus in Labrinth of dispaire,
New-sprong effects my ioyed hope impaire.

Sing Muses, sing, the ruines of my time,
Reade in my face the Kalender of care,
With tragick notes repeate my passed crime,
My wrinckled browe records how hard I fare:
All must consume so shall my care haue ende,
When as no sap is left for life to spende.

Forc'd to endure the burthen of my charge,
Which loades my minde with more then I can beare,
Drench'd in diſpaire, rowing 'n cares curſed barge,
I trie the foordes which dangers new do reare:
Wherein I wade too farre for to returne,
For all in vaine againſt the pricke I ſpurne.

Againſt the pricke I ſpurne, the more I ſtriue,
The deeper wound it makes within my minde,
For of true ioye it doth my poore heart ſhriue,
When feare doth leade and hope doth come behinde,
Thus like the Mer-maide pain'd, I watch deaths dome,
And recreat my ſelfe with glaſſe and come.

With glaſſe and combe I trifle thus the time,
Fit bables for thoſe which are children twiſe,
The flood of care, late fild with mud and ſlime,
My ſwelling heart, which nowe beginns to riſe,
Againſt her banke, and often doth rebell,
When paines extreame do pleaſures ſappe expell.

You handmaides which doe waite on beauties Queene,
Or rather peeres to beauties excellence,
In my diſtreſſe you which ſo well are ſeene,
For future harmes now lende your prouidence:
That though I paine, and pine euen to my graue,
Yet after I may hope ſome reſt to haue.

PASSION. XXX.

REplie and ſay my fortune is ſo baſe,
That you diſdaine to lend me any ayde,
Say it is ſoe, ſuch croſſes to embrace,
(Amidſt thoſe ſtormes) I muſt not be afrayde,
But rather ſcorne, proude fortune to her face,
Which thus with ſpite doth worke my deepe diſgrace.

Shall I now mourne for what cannot be had,
Great follie were my labour ſo to looſe,
Nay rather ſeeke ſome comfort for to glad,
The drooping hart that knowes not what to chooſe:
For chaunces whoſe euent be deſperate,
Redreſſe craues ſpeede, or elſe it coms too late.

Too late the ſuccour coms the fort being ſackt,
And comfort, when no comfort can preuaile,
Is torture to the minde alreadie rackt,
When in th'effect true comforts fruite doth faile:
Then lend your ayde before my wracke be ſuch,
That paſt recal the paines encreaſe too much.

Now muſt I ſturre to catch a liuely hould,
While fortune bends her frowning brow on me,
Who cannot ſhift being young will neu'r be ould,
And he that ſtriues with froward deſtinie:
In fortunes front muſt ſeeke a hould to finde,
Elſe 'twill not be: for ſhe is balde behinde.

Eyes weepe no more, hart breath no sighing sobs,
Ceasse to repeate ô quill thy maisters griefe,
The theefe is knowne which hope of quiet robs:
And courage must (not weakenes) gaine reliefe:
Leaue of to moane, with Fortune be content,
No ease is found by this thy sad lament.

Teares cannot quench the heate of kindled fier,
Nor sighing sobs restore thy former state,
Pen cannot write the accents of desire,
Nor courage quaile the force of frowning fate:
Yeilding cannot helpe, force cannot preuaile,
Against the stormie windes no ship can saile.

Enuye not Death, he claymeth but his due,
Fortune cannot her crabbed nature leaue,
Why doest thou then these sighing sobs renewe,
And fate reuile that did thy hope deceaue?
Now debts are payde, call home thy wits againe,
Desire not that which thou shalt wish in vaine.

Thus rest content with this thy fatall chaunce,
For that will checke thy angry fortunes pride,
With enuies pipe that leades a scornefull daunce,
And with disdaine thy sorrowes doth deride:
With patience thou mayst ouercome at length,
And more then this repose no trust in strength.

PASSION. XXXII.

SVppoſe deere Dames you giue me ſuch aduiſe,
This cannot pleaſe the humor of my minde,
For fleſh is fraile, and cannot thus diſpiſe,
The thinge whereto our nature is inclin'd:
Nurture may ſtriue, but nature muſt preuaile;
Well may I trie, yet ſhall, not miſſe to faile.

What if I ſhould endeauour to intreat,
Fortune no doubt would heare my carefull crie,
Sweete Fortune then giue eare I will repeate,
The totall ſome of this my miſerie:
I want my will, I would what may not be,
Vnleſſe thou doeſt yeilde ſome reliefe to me.

I ſeeke no more but quiet to enioy,
Yeilde me my right, and that is all I craue,
Not to diſpeaſe I doe my minde imploy,
(With chaſteſt thought) but comforts fruite to haue,
I ſeeke and ſue not to a Goddeſſe blinde,
But vnto thee in hope ſome eaſe to finde.

Some one will reade that knoweth mine intent,
Let ſuch but pauſe and canuas my deſart,
And pittie him which thus his youth hath ſpent:
Then zealous thought of honour ſet apart:
Giue all their due and ſtaine not vertues name,
With trifling traſh that bringeth but defame.

PASSION. XXXIII.

THe fit is come, my trembling fleſh doth feare,
Theſe idle toyes fore-runners of my griefe,
Prognoſticate what torment I muſt beare,
I ſee me thinkes the agents of reliefe,
Repulſt by force of the tormentors hand,
Seeking in vaine his ſtrength for to withſtand.

Yeild then I muſt vnto the curſed ſtroke,
That ſhall weare out the remnant of my dayes,
And be content to beare the ſeruile yoke,
Which ſorrowes charge from ſorrowes ſtore defrayes:
For being enroul'd within the booke of woe,
I muſt not ſcorne for to embrace my foe.

And for my follies which ſometimes yeild eaſe,
To cleere the ſmoke of cloudie ATHOS fier,
Their force cannot my fettered thoughts releaſe,
But rather doe encreaſe my fond deſire:
And as ACTEONS dogs, ſpar'd not their Lord,
To hunt me from my reſt, ſo they accord.

O harſh accord of woefull harmonie,
That naught can tune but ſolemne notes of care,
Wherein is croſt the fruite of charitie,
Whereof I want (to ſalue my griefes) a ſhare,
Then paſt redreſſe, I muſt remaine content,
To cheriſh that which frowning fortune ſent.

PASSION, XXXIIII.

O Heau'ns recorde the ſomme of my requeſt,
Confeſſe I ſeeke nothing but what is iuſt,
Some eaſe of that which doth my minde moleſt,
Eare all my hope be buried in the duſt:
Ye angrie ſtars let my ſubmiſsion pay,
The ranſome of my captiue hartes decay.

Tis not obſcure that I long pennance bore,
To purge the guilt of my fore-paſſed crime,
Let tribute paide, make euen with the ſcore,
Which in Fates booke care croſt of antient time:
Then doubtles I ſome comfort ſhall obtaine,
Though Fortune doe my ſacrifice diſdaine.

Yet let me yeild, it booteth not to ſtriue,
Of force I muſt giue place to higher powers,
Too weake I am, for ſuch as me corriue,
Without I might raine downe ſome Golden ſhowers:
So DANAE no doubt I might enioye,
To beare a ſonne his Graund-ſier to deſtroy.

Haue I forgot my Ladies yet to moue,
Whoſe ſole applauſe may pleade their ſheapheards woe,
Tis you alone that ſhall my deedes approue,
For like the weedes, that faireſt flowers out-grow,
My cares ou'r-ſpread the relique of my ioye,
And fatall feare did fadeing hope deſtroye.

PASSION. XXXV.

NEPTVNE the wrathfull EOLVS appeaſe,
Call TRITON foorth to ſummon a retreyte,
Of raging ſtormes, which doe my reſt diſeaſe,
How they beyond their limmits paſt repeate:
And though EOLVS may the windes encreaſe,
Yet tell them this, thou canſt commaund the ſeas.

IOVE prince of all, ſtop greedie fortunes iawes,
Send MERCVRIE for to edict thy will,
And let her knowe ſhe hath tranſgreſ d thy lawes:
Which all the Gods are ſubiect to fulfill:
For though ſhe ſpite and ſpend her bitter gall,
Giue her to knowe, that thou commaundeſt all.

What though ſhe may wring poore SINETIS minde,
The ſame to heale thou haſt a ſalue in ſtore,
Send patience to checke this Goddeſſe is blinde,
For all in vaine theſe ſorrowes I deplore:
When hope is drown'd in ſlymie ſudds of care,
And patient lies faſt in furies ſnare.

The raging force of agues burning fits,
(With potions cold) doth yeilde at laſt to cure,
Eche thing extreame in time decreaſing flits;
And patient may beſt my eaſe procure:
The ſound (though weake) by foode recouer'th ſtrength,
So may my ſores obtaine ſome ſalue at length.

PASSION. XXXVI.

REpyning fretts and ſturs the angrie minde,
That patience (which is the nurſing foode,)
In ſuch extreames, can no diſgeſtion finde;
No more then meate encreaſeth ſick-mens blood:
The one by courſe to choller altereth faſte,
The other turn'd to excrements doth waſte.

Who ſo by art would cure infected mindes,
Muſt mildely firſt prepare the ſickly thought,
When faulkner good a ſorrie feather findes;
He firſt beginns to pare and prune the naught:
And better graffes; then keepes his hauke on fiſte,
My troubled minde of ſuch a ſalue hath miſte.

For firſt we ſhould learne to forget the cauſe,
Before a ſalue may be thereto applyed,
Then may the gulfe which waytes with open iawes;
For to deuoure therewith be ſatisfied:
And this obſeru'd, roote periſheth in time,
Which fed the cauſe the ſubiects of my rime.

Who hath ſuch ſtrength to moderate extreames,
That without change his countenance may beare,
When that doth periſh which he well eſteemes;
Which ſodenly procures a dreadfull feare:
No heart ſo hard for to endure the ſame,
Who then is he that can my weaknes blame.

OFt haue I sightht, and to my selfe thus sayde,
O poore vnhappie relique left to paine,
Thus wrong'd by death which hath my death delayed
Whose eares thou filst, with prayers though in vaine:
Leaue to intreate the fiend that forst to fall,
And doth triumph thus glutted with thy thrall.

Seest not that time cannot so long endure,
But that thou must needes haue some speedy end,
Of that which doth thy sorrowes thus procure,
What needeth then thy breath in vaine to spend:
For date of time which shortly wastes away,
Being once expir'd, thy sorrowes must decay.

The greatest fier PIRACKMON sendeth forth,
Will soone be quench'd, when matter none is left,
And here we see that men of greatest worth,
When sap is gone, will soone of breath bereft:
Why should I thinke death would my time delay,
Syth that which feedeth life doth fade away.

Nothing so hard but time at last doth weare,
Naught wanteth rest but will consume in fine,
How can my heart which doth my sorrowes beare,
Chuse but with speede consume away and pine,
Death will at last stretch out his angrie arme,
Inforst by time, to end my endlesse harme.

PASSION. XXXVIII.

BOwes not my body with the force of age,
Ys not the skyn far wyder then my face,
And flesh consum'd by force of wrathfull age,
What doe not siluer hayres yeilde goodly grace:
And be not these the kalendars of time,
Which witnes that in cares I spend my prime.

Were none of these my blood still waxeth could,
And I doe feele a weakenes in my minde,
Feare dispossest my wonted courage bould.
Dimnes of thought doth make my senses blinde:
Benomn'd I am in euerie part at length,
That cleane I lost the force of former strength.

These tokens shew my paine not long shall last,
Nor I (thoughe steele) be able to endure,
These torments, which encrease the surging blast,
Then let me not my greater hairmes procure:
By fearing paine more then the force of paine,
Which feeble strength could not in me refraine.

Should I suppose I conld exceede the dayes,
Which are layde dowue to finish all my cares,
And doth encrease the cause which hope delayes,
Then let me yeilde, to him that still prepares:
A salue, to such as call to him for ayde,
And to abide the brunt are neu'r dismayde;

PASSION. XXXIX.

Estranged from the fruite of quiete rest,
How can I choose but waste, and weare away,
Whose accents new with feeling force molest
The troubled thonghts which carefull minde dismay:
Who would the some of sorrowes all display,
Within my life let him the same surnay.

Some one repeates, he roules the restles stone
With SISIPHVS: an other Tantals payne
Doth beare: the third is rackt with IXION:
And others do like TITIVS complayne:
But yet the worst of their accurst annoyes,
Eu'n is the best and chiefest of my ioyes.

Walke I abroad to meete some companie,
For to remoue these cursed cares away,
Eche man I meet, a mappe of miserie
Presents, to worke my ruine and decay:
His humor stor'd with pleasure and delight,
Vnto my minde new cares effect inuite.

And as in stormes copartners yeild content,
And maketh lesse the burthen of the minde,
Eu'n so a man in seas of sorowes spent,
And knowes not where a mate therein to finde,
Must needs endure the torment all alone,
When to the winde he makes his ruthles moane:

PASSION. XL.

REst I at home, remembrance rackes my minde,
The obiect which doth feede my hungrie thought,
For nothing there remaynes for me to finde;
But euen the sound which I haue deerely bought,
Repentance, purchas'd with hastie brayne,
Which stores my mind with heapes of loath,d disdayne;

For idle heads build castles in the ayre,
And being alone am I there where I am?
No sure I view full many a countrey fayre,
And forren thoughts doe feede my fancies flame,
Eu'n thus I weare and waste away the time,
Declining when I haue most minde to clime.

The day expir'd, the nights approch supplies,
Where dreames with feare preuert my quiet rest,
And MORPHEVS a sopor sweete deuies,
Which after toyle should be my mornings feast.
Sometimes I bathe my carefull couch with teares,
From soundest sleepe, a wak'd with starting feares.

Iturne and tosse: for Bodies ease is scant
When minde is fraught with burthens of annoy,
And cares my ioyes with spreding bows supplant,
Dispayre doth hope with vglie face destroy.
Thus discontents plant accentes of my griefe,
Which do suppresse the agents of reliefe.

TIme draweth on to fruſtrate my deſires,
Which vent will giue to my abortiue cares,
For to burſt foorth to cruell flaming fiers,
Which waſtes my liſe, faſt fettred in the ſnares:
Of diſcontents, and then ſhall ceaſe to moane,
When matter wantes for griefe to feede vpon.

Yeilde then content till ſorrowes wearied be,
Let them complaine what toyle they doe endure,
Both day and night in perſecuting thee,
Then they will ceaſe thy torments to procure:
And for to reape vnto themſelues ſome eaſe,
Thy will conſent thy bondage to releaſe.

Then ſhall the heau'ns confeſſe they did thee wrong,
And earth poſſeſt with ſuch a tyrannie,
Shall curſe the ſeedes, whereof thy woes are ſprong,
All moaning thus thy woefull miſerie:
O man thus borne in ſpite of angrie ſtarrs,
Whoſe ſelfe-conceyte worke to him deadly warrs.

Could all the Gods being ioin'd in one conſent,
Frame ſuch a one which art no time could cure,
Though SATVRNE had ſome crooked nature lent,
Thinges of ſuch force but ſieldome are in vre:
And though they be yet cannot much preuaile,
Yf fate giue place vnto our ſwelling ſayle.

PASSION. XLII.

PLant ſeated in a looſe vnſtable ſoyle,
Know'ſt not the ſtate of this deceiuing time,
Howe cruell FATE returne with world of ſpoyle,
After the ſacke of a moſt fertile clime:
What doth earth hould? or ſea or ayre contayne,
But a congealed heape or errors vaine.

Our dayes doe moue like ſhadowes on the wall,
What doth not moue like ſhadowes light effect?
Howers flie full faſt to bring vs vnto thrall,
What doth not flie like ſhorteſt howers aſpect:
Waues dos ou'r-flowe the ſandes that be ſo wide,
What doth not ſwell as doth the flowing tyde.

The fruites made ripe by force of haſtie time,
Doe ſooneſt fade the bloſſome being decayed,
And as the flowing waues ſwell in their prime,
So flies it faſt like ſhadowes forme diſplay'd,
The day is full of labore payneſull toyle,
The day is full of dolors deadly ſpoyle.

Pale death doth knocke eu'n at thy princely gate:
With like demaunde, as at the cottage poore,
Doth pale death knocke with iuſt demaund; no hate,
Ingraf'd with wrong, to theſe extreames do ſture:
For he deſtroyes as well Captayne boulde,
As pooreſt wretch fram'd of this earthly moulde.

PASSION. XLIII.

ARm'd to offend death maketh choyse of none,
Nor difference to worke his sauage will,
But all alike none by himself is gone,
Vnto the pot, his hungrie mawe to fill:
One house of death is common vnto all,
One lawe of death doeth goueme great and small.

Flowers, grasse, mist doth fall, doth wither, doth fade,
With winde in time, to th'aire flowers, grasse, & mist we (be,
For here being sent to dig, and delue with spades
Our workes bring foorth the fruite of miserie:
As flowers fall, grasse wither, mist fades away,
So doth our daies, fall, wither and decay.

What thinge so sure but falleth at the last,
Or what so firme but ruinates in time,
Who is so wise that can endure the blast?
Which doth forbid the hastie for to clime:
Of thinges that shalbe dust let no man store,
Dust we shalbe, and dust we weare before.

Yf choyse be made, or difference take place,
Eu'n with that choyce death waxeth more vnmil'd,
The faireſt flowers fall sooneſt to disgrace;
And worser thinges scape often vndefil'd.
So many bad doe daies enioye,
When dint of death doe better sort destroye,

PASSION. XLIIII.

REsted by choyse our dayes we finish here,
And IOVE himselfe the choyse thereof hath made,
Being lou'd we die, IOVE lou's as doth appeere:
By motions which errors doe inuade,
So those whom IOVE with princely care doth loue,
Them he doth chase his Godhead to approue.

O happie man of whom IOVE made a choyse,
O happie man whom IVPITER doth loue,
Whom IOVE accepts he onely may reioyce,
Whom IOVE takes to himselfe he doth reproue:
Yf chosen thus, and loued so by IOVE,
Or though reprou'd, why should we faint in loue.

He onely shall the flaming walls enioy,
That gardes the thorne of IOVE s imperiall seate,
And shall behould that prince which may destroy,
PHEBVS bright beams which feedeth vs with heate:
No sorrowes then, nor griefe shall him molest,
Being lath'd by IOVE vnto his heau'nly feast,

So shall he rest amongst the chiefest starrs,
There a new star plac'd for to yeilde vs light,
And by his death shall end these terren warrs,
And life a newe begyn to leade vpright:
And shall no more behould the theater,
Where tragick euill leade mortall men to erre.

PASSION. XLV.

REstes any thing more lighter then a haire,
No haire but doth IOVES godhead high reproue.
What is more light then birds which sparrowes rere,
Yet sparrowes witnes that there is a IOVE:
Is any thing of greater weight then life,
And shall life passe in mistie cloudes of strife?

Yt may not be that I should so beleeue,
Life comes to vs eu'n by the heau'ns decree,
To such conceyt I may no credit giue,
Life flies away by dynt of destinye,
Life we possesse by force of IOVES commaund,
Life we must yeild, if IVPITER demaund.

For borne we are, and die we stalbe sure,
Because we are of purpose borne to die,
But not content with our estates vnsure,
Nor pleased yet death should our patience trie:
IOVE did commaund, and death obaves his will,
So let it rest IOVES doome for to fulfill.

IOVE did commaund, which must not be gain-said,
He spake the word, and all did yeild consent,
He made a beck, and roaring seas obayed,
Then with our states why are we not content?
He wills vs from these worldly cares refrayne,
And his edict must eu'r and eu'r remayne.

PASSION. XLVI.

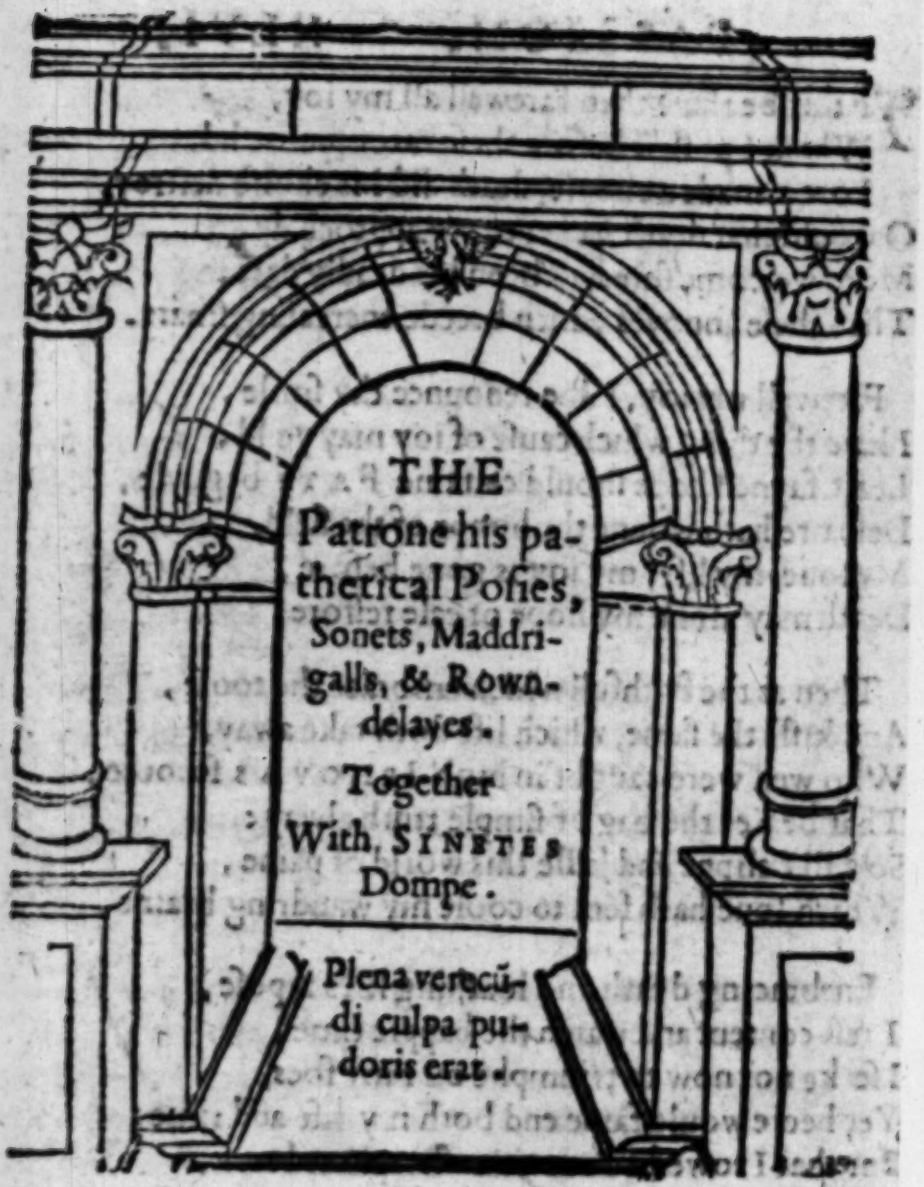
YF this be thus? then farewell all my ioy,
Which I possest before these cares encroc'hd,
IOVE made a choyse, death did his choise destroy,
O would that death had vnto me approch'd:
More welcome sure had been his deadly dart,
Then these annoyes which breede encreasing smart.

Farewell my ioy, I doe renounce thy smile,
I hate the thing which cause of ioy may yeild,
Least fayned hope should certaine FATE beguyle,
Despaire hath wonne the honor of the field,
My loue, my life, my ioy is gone before,
Death may alone my hope of ease restore.

Then as the faithfull which embrace the toole,
And kisse the same, which life doth take away,
Who well were taught in high IEHOVAS schoole,
That beares the bag of simple truth alway:
So will I clippe and kisse this world of paine,
Which loue hath sent to coole my wandring braine.

Embracing death and loathing lifes repose,
I rest content and watch the happie time,
I seeke not now to triumphe ou'r my foes,
Yet heere would faine end both my life and rime:
Bnt that I vowed ou'r as your sheapheard true,
With hand and hart to serue and honour you.

FINIS.


THE
Patrone his pa-
thetical Posies,
Sonets, Maddri-
galls, & Rown-
delayes.
Together
With, SYNETES
Dompe.
Plena verecũ-
di culpa pu-
doris erat.

The patrones conceyte:

DOmesticke Goddes of the Sea-whal'd Isle,
Heau'ns erected trophies of thy prayes,
AVRORAS blush, that beautifies thy smile,
Shines far more bright then Phœbus goulden rayes,
Natures chiefe pride, the map of beauties grace,
Loues louely sweete, which vertue doth embrace.
Of-spring of fludds, borne of the salt-sea foame,
Thoughts-maze that doth to Pallas bower inclines
A Commet, that in starrie night doth gloame.
And doth presage of misteries diuine:
An ornament, bedeck'd with goulden tyres,
A pearle in camp'd in strength of chaste desires.
Reposed rest of ADON's ardent looke.
Thy Christall-pointed eies (like Saphyres blue,
Set in the snowe) doe hide a baited hooke:
Which doth intrap by force of Goulden hue:
Were ADON here to viewe thy VENVS eye,
Could ADON such a VENVS suite denye.
Olympus Queene, that doth commaunde the skyes,
Whose shining beam's doe light the westerne Isle,
No base aspect in thy swee t bodie lies,
Thy fauours doe the stealing time beguile:
For precious breath so doth perfume the ayre,
That all applaude thou onl' art sweete and faire.

The

The Patrones Conceyte.

THe Radian beam's of natur's pureſt die,
With honours Equipage long liue thy fame,
Whoſe ſiluer arkes, ſurpaſſing Chriſtall skie,
Doth force loue Queene to reuerence thy name:
Starr's doe inuay, that earth retaineth thee,
From making Fourth amongſt the graces Three.
Heau'ns newe ioy, earth's poſſeſſed wonder,
The welkins pride, if they might thee embraece,
As they did IOVES loue that kills with thunder,
Thy memorie her beautie doth defaee.
Liue long thou ſtar, which in the North doth ſhine,
That noble worth's may fill thy ſacred ſhrine.
Ympe graft with vertue in her tender yeeres,
Deriuing honour from her noble ſtocke,
Which Needles weare? for honour ſtill appeer's,
Within her browe, which doth fames cradle rocke:
Whoſe ſearching wit, dipt in MINERVAS vaine,
Fraught with content, doth Pallas prayſes ſtaine,
HIBBLA hath Bees, ſtor'd with a ſweete encreaſe,
And ſhee hath beautie, furniſhed with grace,
Liue ſtinges doe pricke, though hony's taſte to pleaſe,
So woundes her beautie thoſe which it embrace:
A Lampe of glorie ſhines in thee alone,
Liue long in earth thou match-leſſe Paragone.

POSIE. II

The Patrone's affection.

LAunterne of loue the patrone due of lore,
Light some beame my affection to guide,
Amongst the drerie throbbes encreasing sore,
Sore in the vaile of heart where I them hide:
Languishing in delight I doe delight to pine,
And can I pine a more contented paine,
Hart once mine-owne, is nowe possession thine,
Yeilde then to yeilde this hearts due entertaine.
Honour is the guest, let bounty be my prize,
Truth be the page of my admired light,
Occasion be thou prest at my aduize,
Regarding hand, and hart, t'attend her sight.
Or else my heart and minde I hould in hand:
Doe then my hope confirme that hope may stand.

POSIE. III.

The patrones phantasie.

TOrmented heart in thrall, Yea thrall to loue,
Respecting will, Heart-breaking gaine doth grow,
Euer DOLOBELLA, Time so will proue,
Binding distresse. O gem wilt thou allowe,
This fortune my will Repose-lesse of ease,
Vnlesse thou LEDA, Ouer-spread my heart,
Cutting all my ruth, dayne, Disdaine to cease,
I yeilde to fate, and welcome endles Smart.

The Patrons pauze in ode.

DImpl's floriſh, beauties grace,
Fortune ſmileth in thy face,
Eye bewrayeth honours flower.
Loue is noriſh'd in thy bower,
In thy bended brow doth lye,
Zeale impreſt with chaſtitie.
IOVE's darling deere,
Opale lippes of corall hue,
Rarer die then cheries newe,
Arkes where reaſon cannot trie,
Beauties riches which doth lye,
Entomb'd in that fayreſt frame,
Touch of breath perfumes the ſame:
O rubie cleere:
Ripe ADONIed VENVS bower,
Ayming at thy ſweeteſt flower,
His ardent loue forſt the ſame,
Wonted agents of his flame:
Orbe to whoſe enflamed fier,
Loue incenſ'd him to aſpire.
Hope of our time,
Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
Nayad's come before your peere:
Flower of nature ſhining ſhoes,

The Patrones pauze in ode.

Riper then the falling roſe,
Entermingled with white flower,
Stayn'd with vermilion's power,
Neſt'ld in our clime.
The ſiluer ſwans ſing in poe,
Silent notes of newe-ſpronge woe,
Tuned notes of cares I ſing,
Organ of the muſes ſpringe,
Natures pride inforceth me,
Eu'n to rue my deſtinie.
Starre ſhew thy might,
'Helens beautie is defac'd,
Io's graces are diſgrac'd,
Reaching not the twentith part,
Of thy gloaſes true deſart,
But no maruaile thou alone,
Eu'n art VENYS paragone.
Arm'd with delight.
Iris coulors are to baſe,
She would make APELLES gaze,
Reſting by the ſiluer ſtreame,
Toſsing nature ſeame by ſeame,
Pointing at the Chriſtall skie,
Arguing her maieſtie,

The patrones pauze in ode.

Loues rampire ſtronge.
Hayre of Amber, freſh of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the fineſt mould,
Rareſt glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolors fraught,
Eu'n there are ſpronge,
A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,
In whoſe voice true concord ſounds,
Ioy to all that ken thy ſmile,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whoſe beautie burneth fier,
Which diſgraceth Queene deſier:
Saunce all compare,
Loue it ſelfe being brought to gaze,
Learnes to treade the louers maze;
Lying vncou'red in thy looke,
Left for to vnclaſpe the Booke:
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,
That IVNOS bluſh of glory ſtaines:
Blot out my care.
Spheare containing all in all,
Onely fram'd to make men thrall:
Onix deck,d with honours worth,

On

The patrones pauze in ode.

On whoſe beautie bringeth foorth :
Smiles ou'r-clouded with diſdaine,
Which loyall heart doth paine :
Voyde of diſgrace,
AVRORA's bluſh that decks thy ſmile,
Waytıng louers to begnile :
Where curious thoughts built the neſt,
Which neu'r yeildes to louers reſt :
Waſting ſtill the yeilding eye,
Whilſt he doth the beautie ſpie.
Rea'd in her face.
Lampe enric'hd with honours flowes,
Bloſſome gracing VENVS bower:
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Senſe would ſeeme to weake to finde,
Reaſon's depth in modeſt minde :
Yeilding deſire.
Lode-ſtarre of my happie choyſe,
In thee alone I doe reioyce :
O happie man whoſe hap is ſuch,
To be made happie by thy tutch :
Thy worth and worthynes could moue,
The ſtouteſt to incline to loue,
Enflam'd with fier.

POSIE. V.

The dittie to Soſpiros.

THe wound of hart doth cauſe my ſighes to ſpring
And ſighes doe oft report my hartie ſore,
This ſore of heart doth woefull tidings bring,
That loue is lacke and I doe grieue therefore:
O ſighes why doe you riſe and take no reſt,
O heart why art thou thus with them poſſeſt.
My heart in ſelfe it ſelfe would pine away,
if that ſometimes ſighes muſicke I ſhoulde miſſe,
This bitter iov and pleaſant paine muſt ſtaie,
The greateſt griefe is now my greateſt bliſſe:
The night I grone the day I teare my heart,
I loue theſe ſighes I triumph in their ſmart.
When minde and thought are clogged with their care,
And that my heart is readie for to breake,
Then eu'rie ſigh doth queſtion how it fares,
And heart to them replies that it is weake.
Yet after ſighes the heart is ſome-what glad,
as without ſower the ſweete is neuer had.

My

POSIE. V.

The dittie to Soſpiros.

My wiſh and will for ſuccour doe aſpire,
Vnto the ſeate of my endeered truſt,
But want and woe enſuing my deſire,
My heart doth quaile and after ſigh it muſt:
Yet wiſh I muſt and well I may delight,
Though ſighe for wants and woes doe me affright.
Theſe ſighes Ile entertertaine though they me noy,
For they doe like the cauſe from where they riſe,
They bring in poſt newes of my mynded ioy,
And as they paſſe they meſſage me no lies:
And yet they leaue behinde them ſuch a want,
That minde and ioy I finde to be but ſcant,
O will you neuer ceaſe me ſighes to grieue,
And maye not hope keepe you in calme repoſe,
Let me ſome reſpite haue, hart to relieue,
Leſt that your ſelues and you fullie loſe:
Sighes doe aſpire till they obtaine their will,
Sighes will not ceaſe they ſeeke my heart to kill.

The patrones Dilemma.

OF ſtately ſtones the Diamound is kinge,
Whoſe ſplendor doth dazell the gazing eye,
The Onix gloze, is eyed to honors winge,
Whoſe vertu's gouern'd by th'mperiall ſkie:
Theſe graces all in thee combin'd remaine,
For glorie thine their glories ſtill doth ſtaine.

Shall I not ſpeake of Rubies glorious blaze,
That blazeth ſtill, like blazing ſtar that ſhoes,
Or ceaſe to write how men at th, Opale gaze,
Whoſe beautie ſhines like perles of dewe on roſe:
Theſe vertues all (compar'd with thine) are baſe,
For nature gaue thee excellent of grace.

The Topas chaſt thou doeſt in kind excell,
The Hyacinth that ſtrangers loue procures,
Hath not ſuch force, nor can not worke ſo well,
As honors beautie ſtill in thee alures;
Yris ſhe ews not more coulors in her kind,
Then vertues be with in thy noble mind.

The patrones Dilemma.

The windie Hiſtmos ſhews, and bright aſpects,
Comes far behind this faire Angragos worth,
The Lupinar hath not more chaſt affects:
Then glorie of th'vnſpotted minde brings foorth.
My paines encreaſe thy graces to repeate,
For cold deſpaire driues out of hope the heate.

Yf Saunus fort which doth expell deceate,
Or Agathes which happie bouldnes yeild's,
And eke Luperius whoſe vertues greate,
Doth glad the minde: all which are found in fields:
Yf theſe I had ro comfort my deſpaire,
Hope yet might hope to win & weare thy faire.

POSIE. VII.

The Palmers Dittie vppon his Almes.

FAvre Dole the flower of beawties glorious ſhine,
Whoſe ſweete ſweet grace true guerdon doth deſerue,
My Oriſons I offer to thy ſhrine,
That beauties name in glories ſtate preſerue:
My hap (ô hapleſſe hap) that gaue th'applauſe,
Thy beautie view'd when trembling hart did pauſe.
Were I a King, I would reſigne my Crowne,
To gaine the name of Palmers happie kinde,
I would not craue to liue in high renowne,
If Dole I had to ſatisfie my minde:
Then I for Dole a Palmers name would craue,
If Palmer might be ſure his dole to haue.

POSIE. VIII.

The Patrones Adiew.

YF loue deſerues the fruit of loues deſire,
Hope loathes my loue to liue in hope of right:
Time after triall once may quench my fire,
Oh ſalue the ſore and cheriſh my delight:
Rue lawles force, which feruent zeale procures,
Obtaine a hart like to the Emerauld pure:
Dayne hope to graunt where feare diſpaire allures,
In deepe diſtreſſe naught but true faith is ſure.

POSIE. IX.

Fides in Fortunam.

MOst sacred is the sweete where fortune swayes,
Deuine the sound of her enchaunting voice,
Noe hope of rest, wher hope, true hope delayes,
Thongh I dispaire I may not change me choise:
For liue I well, though fortune me dispise,
To honour her, that scornes my enterprise.
To bandie lookes will ease my thrauled heart,
With lookes, my life shalbe at her commaunde,
Yf so much grace to faith she will impart:
With lookes againe, to answere my demaunde;
And that I may still loue her to my graue,
With purest faith, is all that I doe craue.
Let Phœbus drawe his shining beam's away,
Let heau'ns forsake to graunt me any light,
Let foode me faile; let hope, my hope delay;
Let eares not heare; let watch-full eies want sight:
Let sense, my sense, with furie fell confound,
Before that faith, to fortune false be found.
Thy eu'r sworne friende, and seruant to thy end,
Hath made a vowe and promise with his soule,
His fortun's right with courage to defend,
Against proudest he; this offer dare controle:
My match is sure if Fortune grace her swayne,
And coulors giue her quarrell to maintaine.

POSIE. IX.

Fides in Fortunam.

Colours they are of pureſt Indian die,
For none but ſuch doth Fortune vſe to lend.
Whoſe ſight may moue the coward neu'r to flie,
And all his force againſt his foe to bend.
Then let ſweet ſoule thy colours be my guide,
And hap what maye, thy doome I will abide.
Then write thy Cenſure with thy prettie hand,
I will obay the ſentence of thy minde;
And graue the ſame in table faire to ſtand;
So that, enſuing age the ſame may finde:
For monument in gouldē letters wrought,
To whet with fight the accents of my thought.

POSIE. X.

My ſorrow is ioy.

SOwre is the ſweet that ſorrow doth mainetaine,
Yet ſorrow's good, that yeildeth mickle ioy,
True ioy he hath, that can from ioy refrayne,
Which haueſt's ſtill the fruites of deepe annoy:
Yet I enthraulde in blind CVPIDOS ſnare,
With fond conceyte in ſorrows ioy I fare.
Fortun's my ioy, which ſorrow ſtill doth yeild,
Her frowne I count a fauour to my ſoule;
Sorrow doth ſway, and ioy hath loſt the field,
Yet fame in minde doth often ioy enro'le:
But when I thinke for whome I beare this ſmart,
It yeilds new ioy vnto my carefull hart.

POSIE. XI.

An almon for a Parrat.

Disdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,
And thinke they may Ioues thunder-bolt controule,
Who past compare ech oue doe set at naught,
With spuemish scorn's that nowe in rethorick roule:
Yer scorne that will be scorn'd of proude disdaine,
I scorne to beare the scornes of finest braine.
Gestures, nor lookes of simpring coy conceyts,
Shall make me moue for stately ladies mocks:
Then SIRENS cease to trap with your deceyts,
Least that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks:
For calmest ebbe may yeild the roughest tide,
And change of time, may change in time your pride.
Leaue to conuerse if needes you must muay,
Let meaner sort feede on their meane entent,
And soare on still, the larke is fled awaye,
Some one in time will pay what you haue lent,
Poore hungrie gnatts faile not on wormes to feede,
When goshaukes misse on hoped pray to speede.

POSIE. XII.

The authors muſe vpon his Conceyte.

FAire, faireſt, faire; if paſſing faire, be faire,
Let not your deed's obſcure your beauties faire,
The Queene ſo faire of Fearies not more fayer,
Which doth excell with fancies chiefeſt fayer,
Fayre to the worldes faire admiring wonder,
Fayrer then IOVIS loue that kill's with thunder.
Eu'n to your ſwayne you ſeeme prides paſſing faire,
That naught deſires but fortun's faire to reape,
Yf fortune then will driue me to diſpaire,
No change can make your ſweeteſt faire ſo cheape,
But that I muſt, and will liue in exile,
Before your thoughtes with thought I will defile.
Fayre fierce to faith, when fortune bend her browes,
Yet fortune ſweete be thou reclaym'd againe:
For vnto thee I offer all my vowes,
That may appeaſe the rigor of my paine:
Yeilde wiſhed hope after this ſtormie blaſt,
That calm's repoſe may worke content at laſt,

Fides ad fortunam.

THe goulden Phebus (longing oft) is ſeene,
To pricke his furious ſteedes to run in haſte,
To clip and coll faire Thetis louely Queene,
In penſiue thoughts leſt he the time ſhould waſte,
So I make ſpeede thy ſelfe for to embrace,
Beinge almoſt tyr'd in purſuite of the chaſe.

For hounders vncoupled, range the forreſt wide,
The ſtance being prun'd, I watch the rowſed game;
And to the marke my ſhaftes full well I guide:
The craftie Doo takes on then to be lame:
But hauing paſt the daunger of my bowe,
She, limping leaues, and haſtes away to goe.

Thus I beirg ſureſt of my hoped ſport,
Still miſſe the faireſt marke that eu'r was kend,
Words doe abound of comfort to exhorte,
But deedes are ſlowe ſuie promiſes to end;
The hope theu left is game to rowſe a newe,
(Till deedes ſupplie) and feede my ſelfe with view.

Fortune hath ſayde, and I beleeued that,
Renewed hope might eaſe my heart neere ſpent:
Deſpaire in ſequell oft my hope doth ſquat;
That doubtfull I remaine ſtill diſcontent,
Wherefore to faith if faith remaine in thee,
With faithfull wordes let deedes in one agree.

FINIS.

Sonetto. 1

READE theſe my lines the the carrecters of care,
Sweete Nymph theſe lynes reade ou'r & on'r againe,
View in this glaſſe (that glorie doth prepare,)
The depth of worthes which in thee doth remaine,
Heare I ſet foorth the garden of thy grace,
With plentie ſtor'd of choyſe and ſweeteſt flowers,
Where I for thee abortiue thoughtes embrace;
When in conceyte hope lodgeth in thy bowers:
Heare ſhalt thou finde the Orphans of my hope,
Shad'wed with vaile en'n of thy rare deſeart,
Of all my thoughtes here ſhalt thou finde the ſcope,
Which to the worlde thy honour ſhalt ympart.
Thus will I ſay when skies aduaunce thy name,
Liue HELENS peere eternized thy fame.

Sonetto. 2

FArewell my hope thy hap did thee not ſteede,
And thou my hap vnhappie come to mee,
Farewell my truſt which voide waſt of all meede,
And thou heart-ſore attend my miſerie,
Farewell my hold which waſt to ſtronge to hold,
And thou my ruine welcome to my gaine,
Farewell my life which dead are in my mould,
And life no life torment my hart with paine
Farewell my chiefe that conquerſt with thy looke,
And thraldome I appeale to riue my heart,
Farewell my thought, thy thoughts ſhe will not brooke,
Yet thinke I will for that I feele the ſmart.
Farewell my choiſe I laſtly doe thee chuſe,
I cannot chuſe another to my will:
Farewell my comfort comfortles o chuſe,
And ſorrowe weake thy wrath my ioy to ſpill.
Farewell long ſtay for winde to fill thy ſayle,
Come baniſhment. Adieu, loue muſt preuayle.

Sonetto. 3

EMerald of treaſure eternall ſpring,
ENurſt by the graces day-ſtarre ſhine on hie,
Ingendring perfect bliſſe with valens ring:
Twiſting loue and liking with conſtancie.
Now ſtanchleſſe hart redres & ſoule-ſick wound,
Enwrap the ſame in foldes of freſh deſire,
Let loue be waking harueſt hope be found,
And liuing ſpring to quench this flame of fier.
Vnto your excellent loue ſole commaund,
Seing ês you may procure I me commend,
Into your counſels grace voutch my demaund,
Heate burning ioy ſuſtaine in ioyfull end.
So ſhall my muſe your name ay coronize,
I will it blaze to all poſterities.

Sonetto. 4

RElieue my minde being oûerpreſt with care,
O heare my ſorowes for I doe complaine,
Non may thē help ſaue you the cure being rare,
Ah put me not to death with lingring paine.
Leſt that my death to you ſhall nothing gaine,
Enforced loûe diſlikes which is not meete,
Equalitie of loûe doth neuer paine.
You paragon moſt pretious pure and ſweete.
Reioyce your louers hart with loûe for loûe,
Vnlace diſlike and let be far diſdaine,
Both one in one and let affection mooûe:
Since that in hart affection doth remaine.
Vntie diſtreſſe to finde my bliſſfull ſport,
Let not your hart be cruell to the meeke,
Attend my harts deſire in humble ſort:
Soone grant my humble hart what it doth ſeeke.

REtire you thoughts vnto your wonted place,
Or let your place be where your thought are prent;
Newe ioyes approching with a kindely grace:
And hope that blossoms on affections dent.
Excelling worth lyeth buried in my brest,
Loue eke concealing paine in tombe of heart,
Each ioy is griefe wherewith thou art oppreſt;
Yound is thy griefe but ſudden old thy ſmart.
Rich is thy choyce deſire hath twiſe a neede,
Eu'n ſo my hope woul I reape hope to ſuſtaine,
Bearing in my heart the wiſh of heartie deede,
Sealing ſelfe and lore high concealed vaine.
Vnſpotted truſt and truth ty'd to the ſame,
Loue keeping awe as awefull truſt ſhall prooue,
Amongſt the ſtings where heart doth feele the flame,
Such is the meaning of my fixed loue,
Such be her hart my dolors to remooue.

VPpon the ſandes where raging ſea doth roate,
With feareſull ſound, I ſtanding with deſire,
The element his billowes ſendes to ſhoare,
And takes away my ioy to my great ire.
So water tho did ſeeke to quench my fire,
Whoſe furie (I beheld) with raſh rebound,
That would ſurflow my life, ô rage to dire,
My hearts high rocke was rent which ſtood on ground:
But high commaund retreait ſhe made him ſound,
Who once immite his furie did ſurceaſe,
And way-white waues to vieu her did redoünd,
Breaking at her ſight her empire to compleaſe.
And bluſtring windes their forces did releaſe,
Leaſt that their tûmult might her eares offend,
And with a calmie fawne breath'd to her eaſe,
Thus was my wiſh to port they ſhould her ſend.
So waûie ſeas and windes once made me ſad,
So wâuie ſeas and windes haûe made me glad.

MArching in the plaine field of my conceyte,
I might behold a tent which was at reſt,
My forces I did bend but ah deceite:
There left I freedome laſt which is now leaſt.
For when I thought to fight with Mars for beſt,
There Cupid was which brought me to diſtreſſe,
Of foe when I thought to make a conqueſt.
Loûe and deſire in tent did me oppreſſe.
Theſe captaines twaine from tormẽt may ſurceaſe,
If they did know the lore I beare in minde,
They may as Turtles one procure my eaſe,
O that to me of twaine one would be kinde.
Thou tẽt that holdſt in night ſuch turtle doûes,
Reioice, embrace the twayne of world the loûes.

Sonetto. 8

OF all the bûddes that yeild to men delight,
Sweete eglantine that ſenteſt in the aire,
Art worthie pen of gold thy praiſe to dight:
Thy flowers of bloome make world both green & faire,
To wearied ſence thou comfort doſt repaire,
Thy pleaſure from the eye doth neuer ſtray,
To fancies heſt thou art a ſtately chaire:
And wounded hartes deſire thou canſt allay.
More bright then ſun thou ſtand'ſt in window bay,
And to thy light the ſûnne may not come neere,
Thou laſting flower doſt euerlaſting ſtay:
O that within thy flowers I might appeere.
As I did paſſe ſweete ſent to hart did clime,
O thou ſweete branch the ſweetnes of my time.

AS eye bewrayeth the ſecretes of my minde,
I did regard an Eglantine moſt faire,
That ſprong in ſight of ſun that brightly ſhind,
And yet no ſunne her ſpringing could empayre.
I did reioyce to come within her aire,
Her ſweetenes to receiue wirhin my breſt:
O that her ſent in hart ay might I weare,
With griping griefe heart ſhould not be oppreſt,
Heart panting ſore would ceaſe or take ſome reſt,
And feare diſloyall vaniſh would away,
Then ouer griefe in triumph were I bleſt,
To be reuiued when life went to decay,
With ſhadow hide me from theſe hart-breake ſhowers,
And with thy ſent refreſh me in thy bowers.

THe onely helpe that ſome diſtreſſed haûe,
To keepe the life though lingring in the paine,
Is that a time ſome place will find to ſaue,
The loſſe of heart procured by diſdaine.
Nowe place is faire yet hope I doe retaine,
That diſtance neuer altereth the minde,
The height of hills doth make the lowly plaine,
The riſing ſunne in ſkie feares not the winde:
And yet I ſee place is ſomewhat vnkinde,
To offer me the lack of her ſweete face,
Which cannot ſolac'd be till I it find:
To free my heart and loûe of loûes diſgrace.
O place if thou didſt take her from my eye,
Bring her in place where place may remedie:

VVHen chirping byrds did chaunt their muſickeslayes,
For to ſalute Dame Flora with her traine,
And veſta cloth'd with chaung of freſh arayes,
For to adorne Hopes happie entertayne:
Then ſweeteſt Bri're that ſhylded our repoſe,
Sent odours ſweete, from her freſh hanging bowes,
And Philomel' oft-changed notes did cloſe,
Which did accorde eu'n with our hallow'd vowes.
But then; ah then, our diſcontent began,
A barking Dog ſte,p'd foorth with ſcolding rage,
And Muſick chang'd to notes of ſinging Swanne,
That March wee muſt with ſwifteſt Equipage.
Looſe not ſweete bird thy voice, nor briet thy ſet:
Wee'le meete againe when fortunes frownes be ſpent.

LIue long ſweet bvtde, that to encreaſe our ioy,
Made ſoleme pauſe, betweene thy chirping layes;
When ſtately brier ſhilded our anoye,
And ſheltred vs from peeping Phebus raves:
Sweet Philomel' recorde not our delightes,
In Muſicks ſounde, but to the ſubtill ayre;
Leaſt any ſhould participate our ſpites,
Wrought by a ſudden Cerberus repayre.
The pleaſing ſound our ſpirites did reuiue,
The ſweet, ſweet ſent, refreſh'd our yeilding ſence,
The happy touteh, moſt to delight did ſtriue,
But caytiffe dog did hynder our pretence.
Then happie Byrd farewell, that eaſ'd my paine,
Farewell ſweet brier, till fortune ſmile againe.

VVHen Lordlin Tytan lodged in the weſt,
And EBON darknes ou'r-ſwayde the light,
LATONAS beams decreaſing were ſuppreſt,
When ſilent ſtreames did murmur their delight.
Then I entrench'd neere to a noble marke,
With courage bould a ſpeare I tooke in hand,
To wyn my will fired with honours ſparke,
Or looſe my life in my commaunders band.
My ſpeare I brake vpon my gentle foe,
Which being perform'd the ſecond I did charge,
But honours force would not be quailed ſo:
The third I tooke my thoughts for to enlarge;
Then call'd I was for treaſon armes to take,
And wiſedome would my former charge forſake.

SHould feare pale feare make me forgoe my minde,
Or legions of monſters make me quaile,
No, no, I was not borne of ſo baſe kinde,
As dreadfull ſighes would make my heart to faile.
Yet care commaund that honors my conceyte,
Made me forſake what my deſire embrac'd,
And loth I was that riualls ſhould repeate:
My armes ſhould be by humane force vnlac'd,
Which made me yeilde vnto the tyms reſtraynt,
And leaue the charge of that moſt noble fight,
Where kindnes more then force could make me faint,
To ſhild my fame from fortunes cancred ſpite.
Thus I did charge, thus I diſcharg'd my launce,
And ſo I reſt contented with my chaunce.

AS fond conceyt doth moue the wauering minde,
Of artleſſe ſottes that knowe not wiſedoms lore,
Inconſtant ſtill to chang with eu'rie winde,
Whoſe baſe deſires wants fruites of vertues ſtore.
So doth the arte and knowledge of the wiſe,
Stirre vp his minde in honors foorde to wade,
With feruent zeale baſe changlinges to diſpiſe,
And their weake ſtrength, with courage to inuade.
Whoſe mind being arm'd with true loues ſtrong defence,
He gyrdes his loynes with bondes of conſtancie,
And ſcornes that ought ſhould alter his pretence,
Or ſtayne his name, with blot of infamie.

Thus wiſedome is not giuen to manye,
And but to ſuch for to be conſtant anye.

NEu'r-reſting chariot of the firie god
Embоſſ'd with beames of his eternall light,
Waytes at her beck when ſhe but ſhakes her rod
Of her commaund; who is the heau'ns delight:
AVRORAS ſhine doth bluſh to ſee her grace,
Nymphes gather flowers to make her chaplets fine,
Engendered griefe my hoped fauour deface,
Lone hates to liue when longing makes it pine:
Euen ſo her faire makes longing deere to me,
HELEN the faire was not ſo faire as ſhe.

NO care ſo great nor thoughts ſo pining ſeeme,
Enioying hope to reape the hearts deſire;
Which makes me more your beauties grace (eſteeme,
Oppreſt with heate of PAPHOS holy fier.
Appoint ſome place to eaſe my thrauled minde,
Not freed yet from thy late luring looke;
Enioye thy time and ſolace ſhalt thou finde,
Let VVLCAN toyle to forge his bayted hooke:
Eyes glorious glaunce will trayne him to the lure,
Heau'ns do repine thou ſhouldſt his frownes endure

NAmeleſſe the flower that workes my diſcontent,
Endleſſe the cares for her I doe ſuſtaine,
Waſte is the ſoyle which ſhadowes my content
Once lende a ſalue to cure my cureleſſe paine.
Ah deere, how deere I purchaſe my delight?
Not longe when firſt I view'd thy ſweeteſt fayre.
Except thy beauty lend my darknes light,
Long ſhall that looke my heauie lookes ympayre;
Eſteeme of him that liues to honour thee,
Hopes true repoſe ſhall then be lodg'd in mee.

NO ſooner I had thy beautie eſpied,
Cleane waſhed from the dreggs of vices ſtayne,
But heart to thee with conſtant loue was tyed;
And thou perhapps wilt yeilde me but diſdayne:
Yf thou wilt not my loue with loue requite,
I ſhall weare out in paine my diſmall dayes,
But if thy heart once harbour my delight;
Then ſhall I liue thy heart to loue and praiſe.
Yeilde thy conſent to cure my fatall wounde,
And let deſert preuaile to gayne thy grace,
So ſecret truth ſhall euer in me abounde;
Yf we may meete in ſome conuenient place:
And then be ſure his name I will deface,
That ſhould be ſeene to ſpeake in thy diſgrace.

CAmpaſpe's fayre freſh-paynted forme embrac'd,
By the rare Father of the paynters art,
Could yeilde ſmall ioy except that ſhe had grac'd,
His liuely cuning by her good deſart,
Yet he reioyc'd her counterfeyte to kiſſe,
Which ſhe neu'r ſawe though he the ſame profan'd,
How infinite is then my ioyfull bliſſe,
That ſtill enioy the Id'ea of thy hande;
Thy gloue it is mine onlye comfort left,
Which thy ſweete hande made happie with her toueh,
This is the Idole that my heart infeoft,
With loues ſweete hope: which I adore to much.
That *I* retayne a monument for thee,
Though without life: life it affordes to me.

SWeete ladie I loue, by ſtelth my loue doth creepe,
Vnto the depth of my profounde conceytes,
Not daring when I wake I dreame a ſleepe,
Thus ſtealing loue by inward ſignes entreate:
Though merrie gale bydes anchor vp to waye,
And canuas ſtore ſwells with a puffing blaſte,
Yet feare of ſtorme doth make vs keepe the baye,
For he is ſafe that fitts on ſhoare at laſte:
So loue embrac'd when others preſence fear'd,
Makes ſweete proue ſower whē ſhadowes ſubſtance ſeeme,
And Mars himſelfe when Vulcans net he tear'd:
Doth witnes feare doth ſtolen loue redeeme.

When ſweete repoſe doth calme the troubled minde,
Feare of ſuſpect doth leaue his ſting behinde.

MY heart enthraul'd euen with mine owne desire,
Makes me to be, more then I dare to seeme,
For iealosie may kindle enuies fire,
To hazard that which strength cannot redeeme:
The fayrest rose, on statelyest stalke that growes,
Drawes a delight his odours sweete to smell,
Whose pricke sometime doth sting at later close,
Which makes suspect the wished sent t' expell.
Loue prickes my minde to gather fayrest flowers,
And feare forbids lest garden keeper spie,
Whose iealosie ratnes downe vntimely showers,
And Argos-like doth loues repose discrie:
Thus doth thy fayre my secret glaunce detect,
For iealosie doth dayly breede suspect.

VVHen ſweete repoſe in loues fayre bower doth reſt
Enchamp'd with vaile of an vnfain'd deſire,
Then carefull thoughtes the fearefull mindes in-
Leſt ARGVS ſhould eſpie the kindled fire: (queſt,
For where the dicte of ſuch as may commaunde,
Forbidds the ſame, which louers muſt embrace,
There feare, and care, together doe demaund;
Account of thinges which honour may deface:
So is their ioyes with fearefull paſſions mixt,
Which doth encreaſe the ardencie of loue,
On the forbidden thinges our eyes are fixt;
Whoſe accents ſtill doth loues affections moue:
Thus ſtolen loue is eu'r with feare poſſeſt,
For ſhadowes glymſe oft feares the friendly gueſt.

THimpatient rage of fretting Ielosie,
Suspectes the winde that comes from Cupids winges,
Whose watch preuents the oportunitie,
Whose louers seeke to cure his noysome stinges:
Eche looke, a feare, infuseth to the minde,
That gauled is with such a base conceyte,
Which makes them proue to their hearts ioyes vnkinder
When loue sweete-ones, of sorrowe, sucke the teate:
Yf one but speake to doe another right,
Suspect sayth then, of smoke there commeth fiert
His good deserts are houlden in despite?
And rancor doth his cruell fate conspire.

So Ielosie still breedeth base suspect,
Whose fruiteless feare there owne good name detect.

IF Argus, with his hundred eyes, did watch
In vaine, when oft loue did his cunning blynde:
Who doubtes but ſhee that meanes to make a match?
For to performe, both time, and place can finde.
And to abridge a woman of her will,
Is to powre oyle in fier, to quench the flame:
For then far more ſhe is inclined ſtill,
(Though once deſpiſd) againe to ſeeke the ſame.
Loue doth commaund, and it muſt be obayde;
The ſacred deitie of the god is much,
Whoſe maieſtie makes louers oft afrayde,
That to his ſhrine with bended knee they crutch.

This is the cauſe, let women beare no blame,
Who would not play if they did like the game.

VVHeare true deſire, (in ſimpathie of minde)
Hath ioin'd the heartes, with APHRODITES de-
There louing zeale, (to ſwete aſpect inclin'd) (light;
Will finde a time in ſpite of fortunes might.
ARGVS forefight, whoſe wake-full heedie eyes
Seeke to preuent the wynged Gods commaunde)
Is all to weake his charmes for to ſurpriſe;
Gainſt whoſe reſolue his cuning could not ſtande:
Yet if in Delphos ſleepie laye the God,
Authoritie gainſt Hundreth eies had fayld,
But MERCVRIE, with his enchaunting rod;
Brought all a ſleepe; when Argus Ioue aſſayl'd:
Then ſince ſuch happe to watching is aſſign'd,
Nothinge is harde where willing is the minde.

Daungers altered delayes in loue.

THe heart inthrall'd with loues attractiue force,
(Whose hope dorh martch with honours equipage,
When reason doth his true desertes remorse)
Must take his time his sorrowes to assuage:
For cheeries ripe will not so long endure,
But will in time, fade, wither, and decay,
That which this day, cou'd finest witts allure;
To morrowe, CORIDON doth cast away,
The Iron being hot who list not for to strike,
Shall sure, being colde, neu'r forge it to his minde,
And all those parties, moueth loue to like;
Doe oft (in time) make loue to proue vnkinde.

Eu'n so in time daunger attends delaye,
For time and tide for no mans pleasures staye.

VVAs Io watch'd by Argus in the downes?
What did not then the winged god iuchaunt,
The heardmans eyes, obaying Iunos frownes:
What needes Ioues crosse so much to make her vaunt?
The brazen tower could not his valour quaile,
Who scorn'd that Danae should liue a maide:
Loues inward force gainst enuy will preuaile,
And hap what may: his lawes must be obayd.
What though fayre starre thy glorie is obscur'd;
And cou'rd with a thicke and foggie cloude:
Yet Titan when he hath the heau'ns inur'd,
Will cleere the stormes which fatall frowues did shrowde.

And though that fate abridgeth our delight,
Yet time I hope will cleare this cloudie spight.

THe fluent ſtreame, whoſe ſtealing courſe being ſtayed,
Breakes out vnto a greater deluge rage,
The force of fier with violence delayed,
Makes all thinges weake his furie to aſſwage:
Deſire contrould, will agrauate deſire,
And fancie croſt will fancies force encreaſe,
When louing thoughtes will motiue loue inſpire,
Enuies oppoſe can not their bondes releaſe:
Thus currents ſmall doe proue the greateſt ſtreames,
Small cinders doe encreaſe, to raging flame,
The hardeſt hartes are pearc'd with beauties beames,
I hide my griefe yet loue diſcou'rs the ſame:
Sweete beautie is the ſparke of my deſire,
And ſparkes in time may breede a flaming fier.

SWeete beautie in thy face doth ſtill appeere,
Myne onely ioye and beſt beloued deere:
Myne onlye deere and beſt belou'd content,
Reuiue my heart and 'vinge ſpirrits ſpent:
The onlye agent of my thoughtes delight,
Embrace my loue and doe not me deſpight:
Secure my feares and ſolace cares content,
With hopes repaſt to fauour mine entent;
The fier will out if fuell doe but want,
And loue in time will die if it be ſcant:
Let then deſire yeilde fuell to your minde,
That loue be not blowen out with euerie winde:

So ſhall my heart like Etnas laſting flame,
Burne with your loue and ioye ſtill in the ſame.

I Loue, inforst by loues vnlouing charmes,
My loue is pure, my loue is chast, and true,
And that I loue, the greater is my harmes:
Yf loue doth purchase hate, then loue adiew.
Why should not loue be recom penſ'd with loue,
And true desire, obtayne his due desert,
Yf beautie stirre thee to disdayne to moue?
When mighty stormes oppresse my troubled hart:
Knowe then that truth, may beauties blaze dismay,
And loyall hartes, scorne periur'd beauties pride,
Yeilde then in time, prolonge not my delay?
Leſt others should your beauties grace deride:
So shall your worthes eternished remaine,
And gaine his loue which others pride disdaine.

To Paris darling.

VVere I sheapheard as I am a woodman,
Thy Paris would I be if not thy goodman:
And yet might I performe to thee that dutie,
Yf thou wilt add that favour to thy beautie.

Nowe that these feastes make other minions frolike,
Why is my loue, my doue, so melancholike:
O but I neere gesse, what the cause should be,
Which to tell, tel-tale paper, were but follie;
Ile therefore for this time conceale it wholye:
For that must counsell betwixt thee and mee,
Twixt thee and me where none may heere nor see.

Buen matina.

Swerte at this mourne I chaunced,
To peepe into che chamber; loe I glaunced:
And sawe white sheetes, thy whyter skinne disclosing;
And soft-sweete cheeke on pyllowe soft reposing:
Then sayde were I that pillowe,
Deere for thy loue I would not weare the willowe.

Maddrigall.

MAdame, that nowe I kiſſe your white handes laſter
Then wild my louing dutie,
Retayner to thy beautie:
The water croſt my wiſhe, to croſſe the water.
Yet thinke not (ſweete) thoſe gallants helde thee decrer,
Who for thy beauties, then the ſunnneſhine cleerer:
Eu'n ſeas vneu'n haue coaſted,
But thou art wiſe and know'ſt it:
No: thy Leander, whoſe hartes firie matter,
Cannot be quench'd, by the deuyding water,
Will with his oare-like armes quite ſheare a ſunder
The waues that floate him vnder:
Yf when I ſhall ſo trie mee,
In thy ſweete circled armes I may reſpire mee.

Rounde-delay.

Could'st thou none other spite me,
When but once fortune friendly did indite me:
Thy selfe thou should'st absent mee?
And all vnkinde, vnkinde, to more torment me:
I haue not thus deserued,
To be with tell-tale Tantulus hunger-starued;
That hauing store of dishes,
I could not feede according to my wishes?
But this he for reuealinge,
Gods counsell bide: and I for yours concealing?
In this yet doe we varie,
That desert to his, is quite contrary?
Then ô most kinde and cruell,
(Except thou minde to starue thy beauties fuell)
For all my loue, fayth, dutye,
Let me but pray, I pray thee on thy beautie?
And thou my new-borne dittie,
Desire her for my second dishe but pittie.

Maddrigall.

I Loue, iuſt loue, not luſte, thus conſtant liue I:
My lyfes deere loue miſlikes me,
Yet her ſweete fayre doth like me:
Yf loue diſlikes; to like and loue why ſhould I?
Yf ſhe be coy why ſhould her loue be truſtie?
Yf ſhe be ſlowe; why ſhould I be ſo haſtie?
Yet loyall hart hath vow'd it,
And conſtant truth performes it:
Fayre; to thy beauties fayre, firme haue I vowed,
Sound is the ſeede that my reſolue hath ſowed:
But weede is the fruite that my fate hath mowed,
Yet luſte I baniſh, louing
True zeale, I liue, yet ſtill dying:
Thus ſtill to be conſtant eu're haue I plodded.

Rounde-delay.

MVch griefe did ſtill torment me,
In this regard thou doeſt thy ſelfe abſent me;
Thy beautie (ah) delihgtes me?
And this thou know'ſt to well and therefore ſpites me.
So womens mindes doe varie,
And change of ayre doth worke quite contrarie;
Proofe tried my truth and truſt too,
Still to be thine, moſt conſtant, firme, and iuſt too:
Therefore ſhouldeſt regard me,
And loue for loue (fayre loue) thou ſhould'ſt award me,
For ſince I ſtill attend thee,
Howe canſt thou chooſe vnkinde (vnkinde) but friend me,
Fayne I alone would finde thee,
That my hearts griefe(ſwete hart)might thē vnbinde thee:
For were I with thee reſident,
I doubt not I, to be of thy heart preſident:
Yeilde then to loue (loue kinde is)
Elſe would I had byn blinde, cu'n as loue blinde is.

Sinetes Dumpe.

YE angrie ſtarrs, doe you enuie my eſtate,
Becauſe content is lodged in my minde;
And therefore will you needes reproue my fate?
That diſcontent in glorie lookes to finde:
My thoughtes were far aboue my fortunes bent,
Which was your fault to frame vnequall partes,
Except it were of purpoſe to torment:
Gloring in cloudes to ſmother my deſertes:
When I did yeilde vnto the times deſpite,
And ſtroke downe ſayle leſt ſhypracke would enſue,
Inforciug nature to ſubdue delight?
A cuning bayte within my way you threwe.
Ys 't then my fault if feathered thoughtes aſpire,
Clippe not the winges, that gaue them force to flie,
Eyther giue ſcope vnto my wiſh'd deſire;
Or ſalue my ſores with preſent remedie.
Who ſeekes by art his nature to ſuppreſſe,
In vaine doth ſtriue againſt the raging ſtreame,
My ſoaring minde procured my diſtreſſe?
The braunch will growe vnleſſe you cut the ſteame.

Sinetes Dumpe.

Thus if I ſhould ympugne my fantaſies,
In vaine it were my nature to oppoſe,
Then yeilde I muſt vnto theſe myſeries?
Or to the heau'ns my ſecret griefes diſcloſe.
Heau'ns then beare witnes of my ſecret ſmart,
For you alone are priuie to my paines,
Becauſe to her I dare not once ympart:
Howe loue inſculpt within my breſt remaynes.
The feruent heate of hartes repoſed zeale,
Doth vrge me ſtill for to embrace her fayre,
To whom for grace and fauour I appeale:
My only refuge for to ſalue diſpayre.
Yet all in vaine I throb my breath-leſſe playntes,
When feare doth daunte my once vn-daunted minde,
But neede-leſſe feare: for fewe of them are ſaintes.
Yet duties care deniall lookes to finde.
Thus as my thoughtes doe cope with Ioues deſire,
And ſcorne the meane ſhoulde once their riuall bee,
So fearefull loue doth burne like glowing fier,
And threates reuenge if I make ſuite to thee.

The

Sinetes Dompe.

The one perſwades, that beauties bower is ſtor'd,
With pittie, and grace, for to requite my loue?
The other ſayth the ſubtill ſerpent (gor'd:
With pearſing darte that Ieloſies approue)
Will ſoone infect the vertue of thy ſhyne,
To giue repulſe; regarding no deſert,
Though nought I ſeeke but thou ſhould'ſt know I pyne:
And in thy minde thou would'ſt my worthes inſert.
Knowe ſou'raigne beautie of thy noble race,
And flower of all that beare thy parents name,
That I deſire thy preſence to embrace.
To glut mine eyes with looking on the ſame.
Which is an obiect that doth pleaſe mine eye,
Then will I arme my ſelfe againſt the ſtorme,
For to endure this curſed miſerie:
For hope will helpe my charge for to performe.
Then will I ſay to my diſquiet minde,
Reioyce thou mayſt doe ſeruice to her lookes,
What needſt thou care although ſhe be vnkinde.
Let it ſuffice thy name is in her bookes.

Though

Sinetes Dumpe.

Though croſt for follye of thy ſoaring minde,
Yet art thou bleſt her name is in thy ringes,
At laſt thou ſhalt of her ſome comfort finde?
Though ſhe be now diſpoſ'd to clippe thy winges:
Yf thou art baſhfull to diſcou'r thy minde,
Let thy ringe tell that ſhe thou doeſt adore,
Yf then thou mayſt not ſome contentment finde?
In mourning weedes thy woefull happs deplore:
Thy habyte then will ſure reueale thy care,
She will enquire thy cauſe of thy annoy,
Then mayſt thou ſeighe if thou canſt not declare?
Howe that her favre hath thus obſcur'd thy ioy:
She then no doubt will ſoone conceaue thy minde,
When in thy lookes thy ruines will appeere,
And with a ſmile thy thraulled chaynes un-binde;
Whoſe bright-beam'd ſun thy cloudy ſtormes wil cleere:
And graunt thee that (at laſt) thou lou'ſt ſo deere.

FINIS.

Posse & nolle nobile.

A worthie man deserues a worthie motte,
As badge thereby his nature to declare,
Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot?
To this braue squire, this simbole sweete and rare:
Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare.
A simbole sure to Salisberie due by right,
Whose still doth ioyne his mercy with his might.

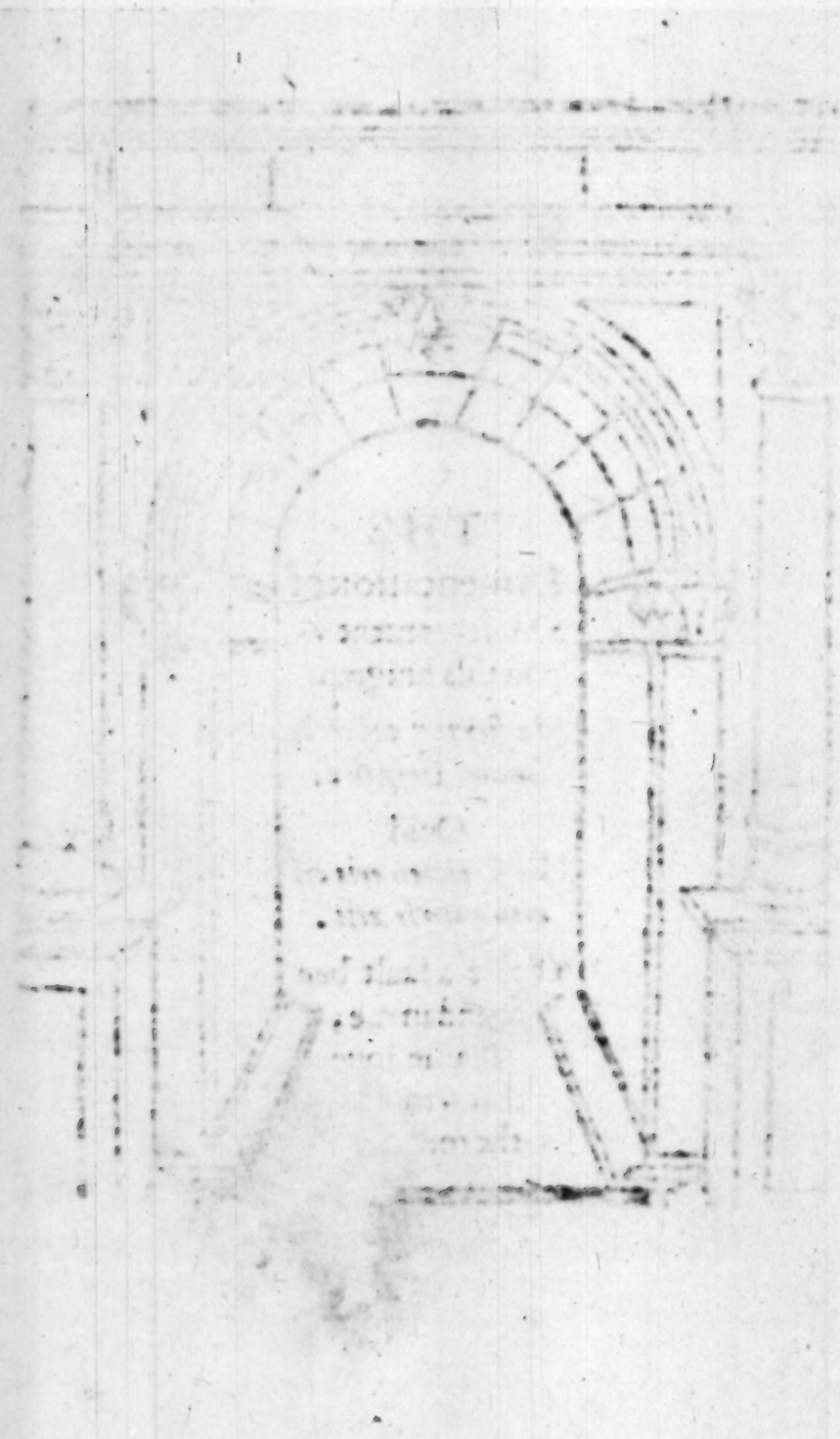
Though lyon like his *Posse* might take place,
Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vseth aye,
Right like himselfe (the flower of Salisberies race)
Who neuer as yet a poore man would dismay:
But princockes pride he vs'd to daunt alway:
And so doth still: whereby is knowen full well
His noble minde and manhood to excell.

All crauen curres that coms of caſtrell kinde,
Are knowne full well whē they there might would ſtraine,
The poore t' oppreſſe that would there fauour finde?
Or yeilde himſelfe their freinpſhip to attayne:
Then ſeruile ſottes triumphes in might a mayne.
But ſuch as coms from noble lyons race,
(Like this braue ſquire) who yeildes receaues to grace.

Haud ficta loquor.

Hugh Gryffyth Gent.


THE
Lamentation of
a Male-content v-
pon this Enigma.
Maister thy deſiers or
line in Deſpaire.
Ouid
Hoc ſi crimen erit cri
men amoris erit.
Yf this a fault bee
found in me,
Blame loue
that wrought
the miſterie



¶ *To the Honorable minded* vnknowne, the Name-leſſe wiſheth perfect health and perpetuall happines.

DEVD Eare Patroneſſe of my hapleſſe lamentations; guided by the ſterne of thy beauty, which hath the ful commaund of my hart, and wearied with tiranyzing ouer my ſelfe, in forcible ſuppreſsing the agonies of my afflicted minde, by ſmothering the feruencie of my deſires, in the cloudie center of dumme ſilence: at the laſt with the raging violence of a ſtopped ſtreame, for wante of courſe in the intelligible parte of my minde; I am driuen to ouer-flowe the bankes of reaſon, and in deſpite of my ſelfe to yeilde vp the raynes to vncontrouled deſires; which inſuing Poem willfullie manyfeſt vnto you, with the obſeruation of my conc[illegible]ed fancyes: Written vppon a dreame, wherein me thou[illegible] I heard a voyce from

a Cloude pronouncing theſe wordes enſuing. *Maiſter thy deſires or liue in deſpaire*, and albeit I helde dreames but phantaſies, which commonly doe fall out by contraries: my fortunes being ſo far inferior to my thoughts, maketh me to doubt the ſequell thereof. Yet noble beautie of this ſea-bound Region diſdayne not to reade ende, and pittie if you will vouchſafe to mitygate the heauines of my martyred heart, which neere ſtifled with the dampe of my diſcontentments, lamentably beggeth for comfort at your handes.

Yours euer true, ſecret, and faithfull.

Nameleſſe.

The lamentation of a Male-content.



Maister thy desire, despaire,

desires, or liue in



DEpose desires, or in despaire remaine,
A heauy doome, what my desires depose?
How can I from my chiefest ioyes refraine?
And marchi[illegible]minde retire frō hopes repose.

Maister desire; this seemeth st[illegible]me:
What voice is this that doth d[illegible]my muse?

The lamentation

If Iupiter that frō his throne doth ſee,
My ſecret woes which ruin's cares induce.
Then mightie Ioue impugne not my content,
For thou haſt been in ſuch an error trayn'd,
What god ſoeu'r, yet pittie my lament,
That cannot from my ſweet deſires be wayn'd.
Yeilde me no reaſons to diſſwade my courſe,
Though ſome obiecte, who clym's may hap to fall,
The bad is good for to avoyde a worſe:
And better venter then to liue in thrall.
Or in diſpayre remayne; a cruell threate,
Ay me remaine ſtill in deſpayre I muſte,
Feare which forbids my languor to repeate?
Hath cou'red hope with vayle of ſad diſtruſte:
For that her ſonne which doth obſcure my ſight,
Shines alwayes cleere, whoſe beams reflecte to mee,
The greater ſtill doth drowne the leſſer light:
So I am blinde when I would fayneſt ſee:
Oppoſed by the ſtarre that lendes me hope,
I glutt mine eyes with ſweete aſpects content,
All are but ſhadowes hem'd in narrow ſcope?
Within the orbe of wearied mindes lament:
Lookes cannot lure [illegible]me motions cannot moue,
So eyes and geſture[illegible]h doe play their part,

Giue.

Giue her no knowledge that I am in loue:
For with deſſembled myrth I hide my ſmart,
Repugnant feare controuleth my deſire,
When I woulde ſpeake diſpayre pluckes backe the raynes,
But yet no cheekes can quench the kindled fire;
For fantaſie to be controul'de diſdaynes:
The marke is fayre, for beautie giueth ayme,
Yet maieſtie forbids the meane to ſhoote,
The ſame is it that gaue my heart the mayme,
With whom to ſtriue I feare it is not boote:
Could but my pen, finde out the way to write,
The moane I make, the flint to teares would melt,
Or that I could the worthy prayſe indite;
Of that rare Iem for whom theſe paines I felt:
The world would wonder for to reade my verſe,
That nature coulde frame ſuch a perfect ſtampe,
Yet as I can I will the ſame reherſe:
And for to light this Iſle ſet out this lampe.
O blooming bloſſomes with the riſing ſunne,
Cou'rd with the dewe diſtilled from the ſkies,
You are like ſhewes that be vnſpected donne?
And ſeeme but miſte which from the cloudes ariſe.
When this fayre Nymph ſhewes forth her golden ſhine,
She ſcales the pride eu'n of th[illegible]pire skie,

Ech blossom'd flower to honour her incline,
There vertues all vpon her shrine do lye,
The Gods built vp a trophie of renowne,
Honour to add to her admired grace,
The Queene of beautie must resigne her Crowne:
To her whose fayre doth her proud fayre disgrace.
How can I then maister my sweete desire,
That takes no rest but in this heau'nly bower,
Fuell is scant to kindle reasons fire?
My minde inclosed lyes in fancies tower.
The heau'ns are sad when she is Male-content,
And Phœbus doth intome his goulden beams,
In Ebon darknes till her cares be spent:
Hyding himselfe within the Oce'n streames.
But when her frownes be turn'd to smiles againe,
He lendes his light out of a Cloudie tower,
Thus the superior bodies doe remaine,
Subiect to this Semy-goddesse power:
Can I resist what Ioue could not controule,
Who can resist the power of beauties force,
'Tis to well knowne vnto my troubled soule,
Bootelesse I striue vnlesse she take remorse:
Remorse sayd I, how can she pittie take,
On him that yet durst neu'r for pittie craue,

She doth not knowe I languiſh for her ſake:
How am I like her ſweete reſolue to haue.
Had ſhe but knowne the ſecrets of my thought,
How her ſweete fayre is ſhrined in my heart,
And but for her I count my life for nought?
Yt would neu'r gricue me to abide this ſmart.
But ſhe whoſe Orbe with Roſes circled is,
Both red and white of pureſt die on earth,
Doth oft of courſe ſhew me a heau'n of bliſſe,
When modeſt ſmile is ſtrayn'd with ſudden mirth:
This is the eaſe that my deſires enioy,
This is the cauſe that hath procur'd deſire,
And this deſire hath ſommon'd myne anoye:
Loe ſee the fruite of ſuch as would aſpire.
I heere a threate of this my fonde intent,
Yet cannot haue the thinge I loue ſo deere,
O heau'ns beare witnes how my dayes are ſpent?
In ſighes, in ſobbs, in ſad and mournefull cheere:
Eche night my bed, I bath with brinish teares,
And turne me ſtill in hope to haue ſome reſt,
When firſt I ſleepe my minde (incamp'd with feares)
Makes me to ſtarte with trembing care poſſeſt:
The thoughts approch vnto my troubled braine
And nowe I thinke that ſhe for whom I pine,

Eu'n couched doth in happie bed remaines:
And ſo in minde, I doe behould her ſhine,
Then I begyn for to commend the fate,
Of that ſweete bed, perfum'd by her ſweete breath,
And with my ſelfe eu'n thus I doe debate:
What rareſt beautie there appeares in death;
Her ſpirits moue with ſuch a liuely grace,
That death doth ſeeme in her an ornament,
Whoſe ſtately tower the pillow doth embrace;
And clipping kiſſe repoſ'd with ſweete content.
Art can not paynt how thus ſhe Nature feedes,
Or liuing death her fayre ſeemes to poſſeſſe,
Wherein no doubt the careleſſe gazer reedes;
The Calender of his accurſt diſtreſſe.
Theſe thoughes encreaſe the heate of my deſire,
Whoſe accents baniſh'd reaſon from the ſtage,
My bed beires guilt of this my burning fire:
That acceſſarie was of this my rage.
For when ech place denied me ſcope of thought,
He gaue repoſe vnto my wearied minde,
To feede vpon what to my harmes I ſought,
Which now a poyſon to infect I finde:
The night being ſpent in theſe vnhal'wed cares,
The dayes aproch doth new deſires encreaſe,

Her

Her goulden trammels which my ſenſes ſnares:
Like towring Fawlcon doth on my ſight ceaſe.
To view this ſtarre I rowle my light-leſſe eye
Aſqu'int, and then ſights force is cleane bereft,
That ſenſe can not her ſweeteſt fayre deſcrie,
Which hath my heart in ſobbing ſorowes left.
Then like the theefe that ſhunns the Iudges face,
I flie her ſight that may iudge my deſire,
Although in heart her preſence I embrace;
For ſtill my thoughtes to her ſweete fayre aſpire.
Her noble breſt eu'n is that bowre of bliſſe,
Which in it ſelfe doth harbor my delight,
My ſtay of life therein intombed is,
Which lock'd retaynes from wiſhed hope his right:
From wiſhed hope his right, ah booteleſſe hope,
That ſoothes his maiſter in his ruins courſe,
In vaine I ſtriue, too large is honours ſcope,
That to his center hath a ſtill recourſe.
Cught Palmers come and ſit in Princes throane,
To beg for Dole to ſatisfie there want,
Shall I to her uenter to make my moane,
Whom for to ſerue I am right worthy ſcant.
No ſure, the Roe which ſwift beaſts out-ran,
Would ſcorne to ſee the bearded goate contend,

Yet Paris thought the goddesse striefe to scanne,
When he did Venus beautie in Ide desrude:
Why shall not I her loue hope to obtayne,
Though Venus peere, or yet rather peereleſſe,
Paris a sheaphard I a homely swayne,
He wanton, I chast Helen would possesse.
No Phereclean barke with treason stor'd,
Loaden with heape of dessembling layes,
Nor cruell darts with friendes deere blood begor'd,
Did guide my course to view thy glorious rayes.
Was't to reuenge of aunceſtors the wronge,
As Paris did; theſe passions me moleſt?
No, without fraude of pure affection sprange,
True loue, yea lone which robbs me of my reſt.
Thy Idea ympreſt is in my heart,
And gonlden trammels shrined in my minde,
That if dome signes doe not my griefe ympart,
And hope of thee my entertaynment finde.
I shall weare out the remnant of my dayes,
In curſed cares, and sorowes deepe deſpayre,
Diuine sweete Nymph cut off my fates delayes:
And let conſent salue this thy ioyes ympayre.
For my desires, with tombling waues, are toſt,
Within th'Ocean of thy sweete beautie,

And

And I in wildernes of cares am loſt,
Deuiſing ſtill how to performe my duety:
None knows my minde nor yet what I doe meane,
In vaine it is to thunder foorth my griefe,
And thus to ſpend my ſelfe on ſuch a ſpleane,
When ſure I am not to obtaine reliefe:
What though ſhe reade theſe ruin's of my time,
She will not thinke that ought by her is ment,
For my meane fancies are too bate to clime:
Or once to ayme the Period of my bent.
That ſoares aloft eu'n in the racking Cloudes,
Beyonde the reach of any mortall ſight,
And in bright Phœbus beams her honour ſhrowd's,
Which doth from thence encreaſe fayre Tytans light.
So that no fight vnleſſe the Eagle eyed,
(For feare of taynt) dare gaze on this bright ſonne,
But happie is he that peeping hath eſpyed,
The vayle that cou'rs the fayre this third hath ſponne.
Sometimes mine dye(forgetting duties charge)
Gaze on thoſe orbes that be ſo orient fayre,
Where anchor-leſſe they ſayle in fancies barge,
And feede themſelues eu'n with thy heau'nly payre:
Then while ſhe doth on other obiectes looke,
They thinke a vauntage for to ſteale a ſight,

Forget-

Forgetting that they ſnatch the bayted hooke:
But being encountred by thoſe circlets bright,
They doe retire for to prepare excuſe,
And bluſh for feare leaſt that they were deſcried.
Or that her eyes would meſſuage heere the newes,
When as they had vnto my glances pried:
Thus would I faine that ſhe did know my caſe,
And yet am loth ſhe ſhould my fancies knowe,
Leſt that ſhe would my little hope deface,
And being my friend begyn to be my foe.
Haue I not heard that hollow fearefull voice,
Sound in mine eares? which late pronounc'd my care,
Had ſhe ſayde ſo, it had byn paſt all choice:
For then I had byn fetered faſt in ſnare.
Bnt ſith this Eccho of abrupted ayre,
Breathe out theſe threates from bowels of conceyte,
Yt ſhall not Coward-like eyre my deſpayre,
But rather giue me conrage to entreate.
Then noble patroneſſe of my repoſe,
Diuine the meaning of my pure intent,
And though that feare forbids me to diſcloſe,
My inward care, that baniſheth content.
Yet haue remorſe on him that liuing dyes,
Vnleſſe thou take compaſſion on his fate,

Whoſe

Whoſe wynged thought in penſiue paſſion lyes,
Fenced with vaile of ſorowes deepe debate.
Eu'r-during care poſſeſſeth my poore minde,
Once freede from the badge of diſcontent,
To be thy thrall my ſoaring thoughtes inclinde,
View then my playntes which do my hap lament.
Dayne to regarde the ſilent griefes I beare,
Hoping that ſignes add inward motions pleade,
True tokens of vnfained loue, yet feare,
Eclipſeth ſtill the hope I had to ſpeede.
Baſhfull I am, ſweete loue ſpeake thou for mee,
Ah well thou knowſt the ſome of my deſire,
Loue made me thrall and thou canſt make me free,
Then lende me hope to quench the kindled fire.
I only craue that thou ſhould'ſt knowe I loue,
And that I ſpend my dayes in care for thee,
Thou art the ſterne which wearied barke doth moue,
Ane to the harbour of thy grace I flee.
Not for my ſelfe alone, theſe pāſſions ſtriue,
And torture ſtill my neere-decayde heart,
Nor yet of malyce others to corriue,
But ſecret matters which the heau'ns ympar,
For to encreaſe thy noble beauties race:
That barren lyes for want of timely ſeede,
The braunch-ſpread Palme the bloſſom'd buds deface,
Note this is true when thou my Poem reede,

The lamentation of a Male-content.

Yf barren Sara vnto Abraham gaue,
Agar her mayde, his ſeede to multiplie,
That She a childe by her brought foorth might haue?
For to fulfill the ſacred Propheſie:
Why ſhould not I being mou'd by loues deſire,
And ſtir'd by motion of the heau'nly powers,
Yeilde to the furie of this hallowed fire,
Whoſe heate cannot be quench'd with ſtormie ſhowers.
Depoſe the ſcruple of a double zeale,
For time once loſt cannot be had againe,
From all the worlde to thee I doe appeale:
Though thou ſhouldſt hate, my loue ſhall ſtill remaine.
I vowe to be true vnto thee alone,
And eu'r in heart none other to embrace,
Nowe let fonde Eccho iterate my moane,
And part in Cloudes, my fates hope to deface.
I ſtill will ſing the glorie of thy name,
And glutt my ſelfe in prayſing thy ſweete fayre,
My pen is bound for to aduaunce thy fame;
Vnto the heau'nly region of the ayre:
Then Ioue will pine and fret for ſuch a loue,
When thundering blaſts, of thy renowned grace,
Shall, that great God, with thy fayre beautie, moue:
Which I in heart doe honour and embrace,

Theſe ſecret griefes this loue vnknowne doth force,
Whereof I die vnleſſe thou take remorſe.

FINIS.